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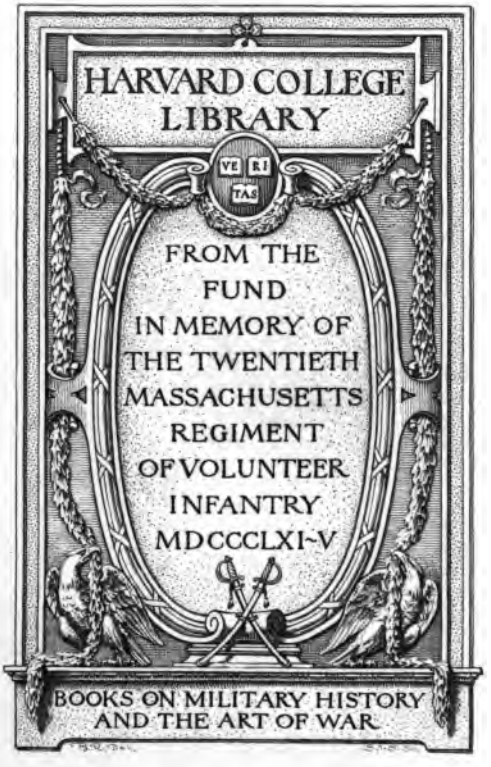

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1864

SHERIDAN'S VETERANS

1885

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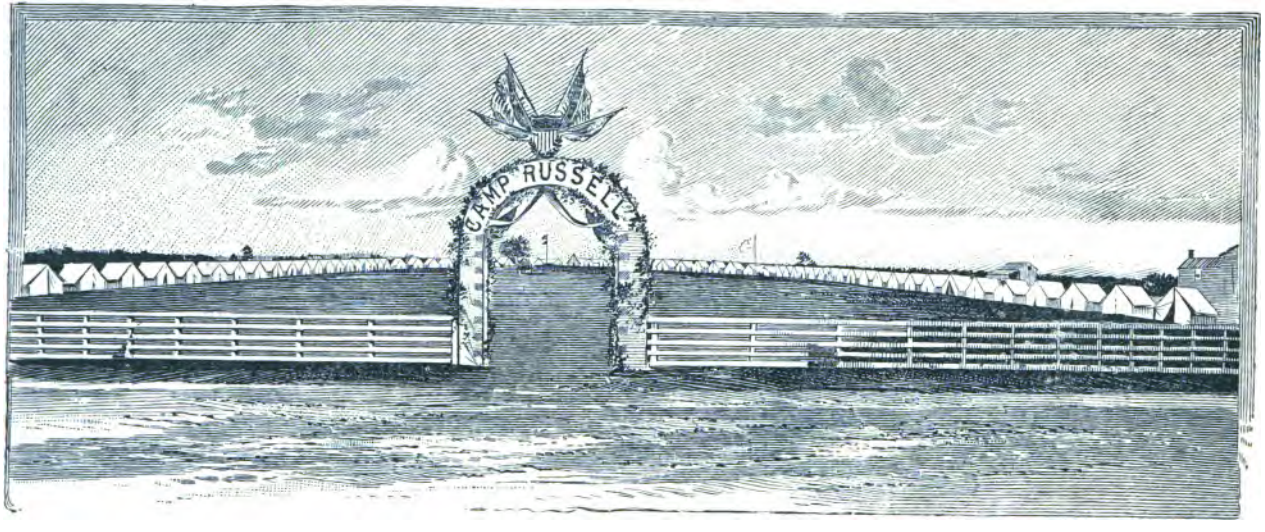

CAMP RUSSELL, 1885.

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SHERIDAN'S VETERANS.

NO. II.

A SOUVENIR

OF THEIR THIRD CAMPAIGN IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

1864--1883--1885.

SEPTEMBER 15-24, 1885.

BY F. H. BUFFUM.

BOSTON, MASS.
JULY, 1886.

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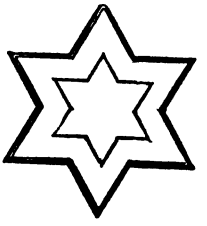

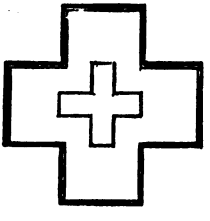

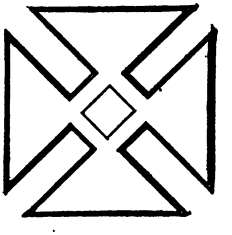

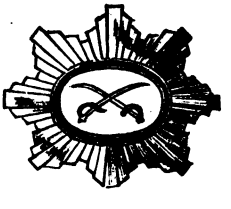

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AN EXPLANATORY NOTE.

It is probable that the excursionists of 1885 will read this volume with all the more zest because of the delay in its issue. Yet the author did not intend to whet any such appetite. This souvenir has been delayed for several months in order to obtain the necessary material to make it a complete and satisfactory record of the excursion. The author was absolutely dependent upon prominent members of the Association for information, reports of speeches, incidents, etc., of which the manager could not be personally cognizant. There has, however, seemed to be a quite prevalent feeling that there was no need of haste in the premises. The preparation of this record has been pushed as rapidly as possible, and with this consideration the author begs the indulgence of the subscribers to the Souvenir. The programme of the excursion of 1885 was twice as extensive as that of 1883, and it is believed that the second trip is better reported in this volume than was the former excursion in Souvenir No. 1. If there are any omissions, if the effort and the part of some of the officials or committees, or individual members of the Association, are not properly recorded, the critic is here reminded that the defect or omission is due to the failure of somebody to furnish promised or requested information. Several such broken promises are "on the list."

It would require a volume twice the size of this one to fully delineate the interesting features of this last excursion, but it is hoped that the essential points are here secured as a permanent memento of a grandly successful trip to a most interesting theatre of the great war.

The author has not urged members of the Association to provide illustrations for this Souvenir because they expended a good deal of money on the camp decorations and camp-fire

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entertainments — far in excess of the outlay in 1883. The frontispiece view of Camp Russell is from the excellent photographs of excursion photographer J. A. French, prepared for this use by the well-known artist, Mr. C. H. Claus of Boston. In the preparation of this Souvenir, valuable assistance has been rendered by Col. George N. Carpenter, Col. Herbert E. Hill, Col. Fred E. Smith, Secretary George W. Powers, Capt. George A. Reed, and a fair member of the Association whose modesty will not allow of a suitable recognition of her services. The eager ink and voluminous contributions of Comrade Patch completely saturate the sweet memories of this literary exercise.

F. H. B.

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SHERIDAN'S VETERANS.

PRELIMINARY SKIRMISHING.

Some Hints for Amateurs.

The man who never managed an excursion has missed an experience. The man who has, probably knows some things which his dreams and imagination had never outlined previously. Both dreams and imagination are stimulated by an excursion, especially one which is outside the beaten track, one which tries to give a good deal of excursion for the minimum of money. The dreamer who contemplates an excursion must understand two things. In the first place, he must organize it; in the second place, he must manage it. Either particular is sufficient to inspire the novice and humble the fellow who has been through with it. In organizing an excursion, one becomes closely allied with human nature; in managing an excursion, he becomes thoroughly identified with human nature. There is more than one side to an excursion. The number of sides to any given excursion — Cook's and Raymond's barred — may be ascertained by multiplying the aggregate moods of each excursionist by the number in the party, and that product by ten. There is no use in mere counting. Permutation is the only grip on this problem. An excursion of veterans into territory where they were, only a few years back, met as foes, is a very different sort of a trip from other tours which fill the popular mind, and there are difficulties attending its management which the average excursionist cannot fully appreciate. Happy is the excursionist who has no burden save for his own comfort, and that official is in felicity who can offer criticism and shift responsibility.

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The first excursion to the Shenandoah Valley was an experiment, and many doubted its practicability. The wonderful result precludes all criticism. A repetition of such a trip involves new difficulties. The peculiar zest of novelty — both to the excursionists and to the residents of the Valley — must be wanting. The mutual curiosity to see and observe materially assisted the manager in getting the party over the hard rubs. He would not have so much of that assistance on a second trip. It is natural, also, that on a second excursion a party will not so joyfully welcome inadequate provisions for their comfort. The manager found this to be true, even with such a reasonable and good-natured company as made up the roster of the expedition of 1885.

The Sheridan's Veterans Association was organized for the purpose of fraternity between those who served together, particularly in the Shenandoah Valley, and of making excursions of interest and profit to the battle-fields of the war. The membership is not limited to those above mentioned. Every person joining one of the excursions becomes a member of the association.

The two excursions already made have included an encampment in tents, it being considered the most feasible arrangement, as well as being a picturesque and attractive accompaniment in the minds of a large proportion of the excursionists. There was something of an inspiration in a genuine camp - although not wholly military — on the very fields where years before those very men had camped and fought in the dread realities of war. However, it is not probable that the next excursion will include an encampment. A party more intent on a good time than on a realistic revival of war memories wants some comforts, luxuries and delicacies of the cuisine not practicable in tents. This inclination must be deferred to, although the writer believes that on the whole an encampment is the most desirable. It may be that the taste of this association will be better consulted, for once at least, by a palace, sleeping and dining car excursion to accessible battle-fields.

The excursion of last fall was organized in response to requests from a large number of those who had participated in the former trip, requests emphasized by a still larger number

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who were not of the first party. Subsequent to the return of the first excursion party the manager received the heartiest assurances of a cordial support in any attempt to organize another "raid" into the theatre of the late unpleasantness. There were two considerations mooted: the first, "Shall we have another excursion?" the second, "What shall be the objective point, if we go?"

The numerous pledges so emphatically given seemed to answer the first question, and the great majority of those interested declared in favor of a substantial repetition of the original programme, with such changes and improvements as experience suggested. Backed by the unanimous approval of the officers of the Association and the Executive Committee, the manager proceeded to arrange for the excursion of 1885. He early received encouraging assurances from Vermont, and the roster shows that the promises from the Green Mountain State were handsomely redeemed. From Connecticut, General Dickinson sent a cheering message, and it is but truth to say that this enthusiastic and able veteran entered into the affair with his well-known spirit and efficiency. The manager received the promise from one Massachusetts regiment of fifty recruits to the party, but the roster does not indicate quite so many. He attended reunions in Rhode Island and Maine in the interests of the excursion, was handsomely entertained, and in response to his addresses, received encouraging promises, and on the strength of them provided headquarter tents and accommodations for those expected to be of the party. General Beal of the 1–10–29 Maine gave the manager much encouragement, and extended to him every courtesy.

An amusing incident in the preparatory stages of the trip was developed in connection with the Lynn delegation. One whose name is on the roster of the first excursion overwhelmed the manager with proffers of assistance in making up the new party. "I can get you all you will take from Lynn. Why, I can get you five thousand in the city of Lynn alone. You can just take your pick." Alas! and to observe that this wonderful promissor's name is not on the present roster, and a consultation of this roster will show a remarkable shrinkage of the "five thousand."

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Taking the most conservative estimates of the officials in the various veteran organizations interested in the trip, and reducing these estimates thirty-three per cent, the manager still had on his hands a supposed company of three hundred people to provide for. The New Bedford delegation finally came up fully to the advance estimate given to the manager by Captain Hervey, and New Bedford enjoys the distinction of being entirely singular in this respect.

It is proper for the manager to state just here that he took early and, as he confidently believed, effectual steps, to amply provide for three hundred excursionists in the best possible manner. In the matter of provisions and service, the written contracts called for abundance in quantity and the best in quality and preparation.

The programme of the excursion proper was considerably enlarged from that of the first trip, the excursions to the Luray caverns and the Antietam battle-field being added. It was objected by many that the manager was offering too much, but subsequent events demonstrated that the party did not complain over a surfeit of good things. It was intended that this excursion should offer more for the money than is usual, and I am happy to believe from the numerous assurances received that this intention was realized.

Preparation for the Excursion.

The Executive Committee cordially endorsed the plans of the manager. It was considered best to enlarge on the scheme of the previous trip. As has been noted, a greater extent of territory was to be covered, the exercises while in the Valley were to be more elaborate, and the encampment feature was to be retained, enlarged and perfected in appearance and comfort. In addition to these sufficient and more than sufficient attractions, the novel idea of rifle competitions while in the Valley was suggested. Several of the Committee looked askance upon this scheme at first, because they anticipated that a contest between those who fought with such sanguinary bitterness on that very ground — and especially with rifles — would revive that bitterness to a degree which

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would at least chill the relations of those who were old-time foes. The event may be here anticipated so far as to remark that there was not the slightest foundation for such a fear, and the confidence of the manager in the good sense of all concerned was fully vindicated. There were difficulties in the way, however.

In the first place, there was a doubt of the feasibility of organizing rifle teams in the various regimental veteran organizations. Few of the veterans had fired a rifle since the war, and fewer still could handle a weapon with any skill. It was insisted that the veterans could not be induced to take any interest in rifle practice. This claim proved to be entirely unfounded, and many of the ablest men in the association gave their hearty support to the scheme. Colonel Wellington accepted the position of Chief of Rifle Practice, and in five different regimental organizations steps were taken to organize teams.

The second difficulty was in the securing of a proper range for the competitions. This obstacle was not overcome, although the committee on rifle matches made every possible effort to assure adequate facilities for the execution of all the matches, and it was believed from the representations made that this particular would be entirely satisfactory.

The third apprehended difficulty was not really encountered. It was doubted if the Southern veterans would cooperate in the proposed rifle matches. In fact they did, so far as the principal match was concerned, coöperate heartily, while Captain Roller, with his Harrisonburg militia, manifested a most laudable enthusiasm in arranging for an extra competition, not in the committee's programme. The Southern veteran regiments did not accept the committee's proposition for a match between themselves, although the Packard trophy was intended for that match.

It was intended by the committee that in the Blue and Gray match the team of Southern veterans should be made up from Winchester, Harrisonburg and other points in the Valley — in short, that it should be a representative team, standing for all the ex-Confederates who served in the Valley campaigns. The Blue and Gray match was booked for Harri-

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sonburg as the other matches were to be shot at Winchester. The captain of the Blue team arrived in Harrisonburg before he learned that there were *two* Gray teams organized for that competition — one in Winchester and another in Harrisonburg. I do not undertake to explain this state of things, but the confusion was certainly unfortunate and inexcusable, and served as a wet blanket upon the other matches.

Still another difficulty was encountered in the matter of prizes. In order to dignify the matches and assure their success, valuable prizes were deemed necessary. If there was at first a doubt as to the probability of securing the appropriate prizes that doubt was quickly dispelled. The question of providing three suitable trophies to cost at least one hundred dollars each, was submitted to Col. Austin C. Wellington, Col. Herbert E. Hill and Major Caleb H. Packard. With alacrity each of these gentlemen responded, and agreed to furnish one of the trophies. It was also understood that two hundred dollars in cash prizes would be donated. One of these trophies — that for the Blue and Gray match, donated by Colonel Hill — actually cost considerably more than the stipulated value.

There were four competitions provided for. The first was between teams from ex-Confederate organizations; the second, between teams from Union organizations; the third was the Blue and Gray match; the fourth, an individual match open to all members of the excursion, such ex-Confederates as had participated in the previous matches, and to the militia of Harrisonburg, Winchester and Martinsburg. The Committee on Rifle Practice took all practicable steps to ensure the success of these competitions. An account of the matches appears further on.

Monumental Commemorations.

Among the preparations for this trip, the forethought and patriotic generosity of two veterans deserve especial notice. Three monuments were to be dedicated on the battle-fields of the Shenandoah during the encampment of the excursion, and these noble commemorations originated in the thoughtful

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loyalty to dead comrade heroes of Col. Herbert E. Hill, of the Eighth Vermont, and Col. Austin C. Wellington, of the Thirty-Eighth Massachusetts. The latter contributed a monument for the National Cemetery at Winchester, Va., and the former sent forward a shaft for the battle-field of the Opequan, and another massive commemorative stone to be set up on the field of Cedar Creek. A description of these monuments, together with a full report of the dedicatory exercises, appears in its proper place.

Throughout the summer such men as Capt. J. W. Hervey and Capt. W. H. Cunningham of the Third Massachusetts Cavalry, Col. Fred E. Smith, Col. George N. Carpenter, and Capt. S. E. Howard of the Eighth Vermont, Gen. L. A. Dickinson of the Twelfth Connecticut, Capt. C. W. Hodgdon of the Fourteenth New Hampshire, Capt. George A. Reed of the Twenty-sixth Massachusetts, and Col. A. C. Wellington of the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts, were especially helpful to the manager in preparing for the trip. Colonel Wellington tendered the use of the splendid headquarters of the First Regiment M. V. M. for committee meetings.

When the time came, a very large number of those who had positively agreed to be numbered in the party failed to make that promise good. They probably did not consider that this was a serious matter to the manager. Some of those who failed to go gave up the trip with much regret, and were unavoidably detained. One of the Vermont veterans voiced the sentiment of others in the following letter, which reached us in the Valley.

BOSTON, September 17th, 1885.

MY DEAR COLONEL, —

To give up the trip to Virginia has, and will continue to cost me more regrets than I can express, but 'tis no use, I must do it. I wanted so much to visit Winchester with you, for I have not been over the field since the battle. You must tell me of it on your return. Then, too, I so much regret missing the pleasures you will have around the camp-fires. What marvellous tales you will listen to (and tell). The dear old army stories improve so with age. I have several so well worked up by repetition the last twenty years, I am half inclined to

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believe them true myself; they are as high-colored as my old army pipe. I should enjoy meeting also the men who wore the Gray. The last invitation I had to join them was May 6th, 1864 — in the Wilderness — with one voice they said "Come in here;" I was surrounded, they would not take "No" for an answer, and although I had other engagements in anticipation, I accepted the urgent invitation, and made a protracted visit of nearly eight months. Apropos of this event, my sword, although not loaded, "went off." I have never seen it since. Now, my dear Colonel, if you should meet at your reunion the gentleman who has it, kindly ask him to return it to you, and bring it to me, — it can be of no use to him as it is not large enough to beat into a ploughshare, and I would like it as an heirloom.

To make sure of this reaching you, and my balloon being in use, I send it by Carrier Pigeon (I always carry a pigeon with me for such emergencies). When you pass the canteen round, don't forget

Yours ever,

BENJAMIN J. CALEF.

COL. F. E. SMITH,
Harrisonburg, Va.

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PREPARATIONS IN THE VALLEY.

It was decided to camp at only one point in the Valley, and although there came from Harrisonburg a most urgent invitation to locate our camp in the suburbs of that beautiful town, yet the superior location of Winchester in the matter of railroad facilities, as well as its nearer vicinage to the principal battle-fields, decided the selection, and a most desirable camp-ground was tendered to the manager by Mr. S. L. Lerew, who freely accommodated the association with the use of his grounds, and who took much pains to put it in order. It was quite an undertaking, involving a good deal of work — this arranging for nearly a week's encampment of a large party of ladies and gentlemen — how large could not even be guessed. For months before, and until the arrival in Winchester of the manager — five days ahead of the party — preparatory work had been done under the supervision of Supt. A. B. Drum, of the National Cemetery. Major Drum is one of the most obliging and faithful men I ever met. His ability and conscientious attention to details as well as a perfect grasp of the necessities of the situation, merit a most cordial recognition. His free endeavors in so many directions were essential to the success of the encampment.

The excursion camp at Winchester was a fine one, superior in every respect to that of the previous trip. It was located on the Berryville Pike, just opposite the National Cemetery, and very easy of access from the centre of the town. The tents, seventy in number, were large wall tents, all new, and pitched in two parallel rows one hundred and fifty yards apart. At the end of the camp, opposite the entrance, the rows converged until the tents came together so that the headquarters tent formed the apex of the ground. This arrangement left a large and pleasant parade ground, in the centre of which rose the tall flag-staff, while nearer headquarters stood the commodious covered rostrum, surrounded by

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seats for the ladies of the party and visitors. At the rear of headquarters were located the quartermaster, commissary, pyrotechnist and store tents, in addition to the mammoth dining tent in which could be fed four hundred people at one time. The front or open end of the camp was protected by a neat fence, while an immense arch spanned the entrance in the centre of the front. This arch was covered with evergreen and decorated in excellent taste and with much elaboration by the Winchester Light Infantry. The members of this fine military organization were generous in their helpfulness, and kindly procured various articles of camp furniture for the convenience of the different headquarters tents. Had the usual rains been enjoyed, the surface of the camp ground would have been a beautiful stretch of green turf, but the unparalleled drought rendered even this well-seeded field extremely dusty within a day or two after occupation, so that the pleasure of camping was much curtailed, although every practicable convenience was supplied. In large lettering over the archway entrance to the parade ground, were the words,

"CAMP RUSSELL,"

in honor of a gallant division commander in the 6th corps, who fell very near to the spot occupied by the excursionists. Directly through the camp ground ran the right of the last rebel line in the battle of the Opequan, and right between these lines of now peaceful tents Sheridan's cavalry charged, as the sun was going down, on that momentous day. Many of the tents in Camp Russell were floored, and several parties had laid in for double tents. Camp stools and cots were provided when ordered, although the non-arrival of some of the freight produced a mild irritation among those who had ordered these conveniences and did n't get them. There is no use in hunting for an explanation — it is a fact that if a big-souled excursionist has ordered a camp stool and he does n't get it, while some other fellow does — the fellow who has to sit on the ground or straw must growl, he will

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growl, and he has a right to growl. Well, he *did* growl, and it did him lots of good. It was n't his business to take any excuses at par.

The Arrival.

Long before Wednesday night the camp was ready and in perfect trim, a full working force being on hand in the commissary department. The party left Boston, Tuesday evening, Sept. 15th, going via the Fall River Line. In justice to this line it must be conceded that there is no route for excursionists more desirable than this. The generous treatment which Sheridan's Veterans have received from the officials of this line — particularly Mr. George L. Connor — deserves a hearty recognition in this connection. The passage between Boston and New York, both ways, was delightful to this party. At Fall River the party was swelled by recruits, while at New York the Connecticut and Vermont delegations united with those from Boston. From the start until the arrival in Camp Russell, the party was under the care of Capt. C. W. Hodgdon, whose able and indefatigable efforts counted much in every move from first to last. Captain Hodgdon's liberality and devotion to the interests of the association have been peculiarly marked from its organization up to the present hour.

The route from New York was over the Pennsylvania railroad, and through Mr. Farmer, the courteous Boston agent of the road, every preparation that was possible was made for the speed and comfort of the association. The road did more for us than it was in any way obligated to do. There was one unfortunate episode — or rather lack of satisfactory episode — connected with the run between New York and Winchester, and for the first time the city of brotherly love "went back" on a hungry soldier. At the last moment it was ascertained that the expected lunch would not be supplied by a Philadelphia caterer who had been depended upon. The manager then engaged a Baltimore party to furnish a proper lunch on the arrival of the excursion in that city. He did

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not learn until Camp Russell was populated that this agreement had been broken also. However, Capt. Hodgdon and the manager's aides "hustled" about and provided the best possible apology for a lunch in Baltimore. The passage through Baltimore was not quite so vexatious as on April 19, 1861, but it was decidedly less agreeable and more expensive than in 1883. On account of the railroad war the excursion was obliged to pass through the city in horse cars, but the officials of the B. & O. railroad did what they could to make the transit quick and comfortable. From Baltimore Train Master C. E. Dudrow took the party in charge, and it is safe to say that this veteran, who is a member of this association, is about the most popular man in the company. He proved himself an able, affable and whole-souled railroad official, and he did his "level best" every time for the convenience of the party. If the railroad facilities in 1885 were not quite equal to those of 1883, no blame could be attached to the train manager.

It was expected that the excursion train would roll into Winchester about six P. M., but it did not appear until well into the evening. The crowd was big, the welcome pronounced and demonstrative, and greetings many and sincere. If any did not welcome their Northern friends, they remained quietly at home. It was the most natural thing in the world for a spirit contrary to that shown by the welcoming committee and citizens to be cherished. It was impossible for many to forget the lost cause. With all the fiery intensity of their Southern natures, they had devoted themselves to the Confederacy, and how could they be expected to forget the lost cause sufficiently to welcome as friends those who had been their conquerors? The following extract from a Winchester paper, and the accompanying comment of another paper published there, indicates this feeling, and the healthier counter sentiment:

"We, as members of the 5th Virginia Infantry, Stonewall Brigade, don't want any re-union with any 5th Yankee Regiment."— *Winchester News.*

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"Our attention has been called to the above, in last week's *News*, by several persons whose feelings have been outraged by the unwarrantable, unjust, and utterly groundless imputation that the members of the 5th Virginia regiment, Stonewall Brigade, as a regiment, are opposed to holding a re-union with veteran Union regiments. We are assured that more than nine-tenths of the members of the 5th Virginia repudiate the intimation that they still indulge in, and harbor enmity and personal hatred to any regiment or regiments of Union soldiers, but have nought but good-will and friendship for their former opponents upon the battle-field."

If there was a divided sentiment in the Valley as to the desirability of this visit, the cordiality, assiduity and delicacy of the Winchester officials and a great number of eminent citizens gave to our reception the full appearance of a unanimous welcome. It had been arranged that the formal reception of the veterans by the people of Winchester should occur on Saturday, and so on the arrival of the party Wednesday evening it was escorted directly to camp. The Commander, Colonel Wright, had not arrived, and Vice-Commander Rhodes assumed command. The Winchester Light Infantry, Captain Nulton, paraded with full ranks for escort duty, and the music committee had provided the Union Cornet Band to head the procession. The march was short, but the display was fine and imposing.

When the word for breaking ranks was given, it was evident that each and every excursionist wanted something. First, he wanted a tent, and he wanted it right off; second, he wanted some supper within a reasonable time. That crowd easily segregated into three classes — the bound-to-be-jolly ones, the philosophical set, and the touchy-snarly group. To the first everything was O. K. anyhow; the second didn't expect perfection anywhere, least of all in a temporary camp; while the third wanted everything just right, and right away, too. No mistake, there are just the daintiest morsels of human nature in an excursion. Seriously, the allotting of tents did not progress so rapidly as it should. The manager expected

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that every member of the party would be assigned to his tent before his arrival in camp, and he was not quite prepared to give a quieting answer to fifty clamors in five seconds. In an hour everybody was under canvas, and supper was ready when the party arrived. One serious blunder of the manager was discovered too late to be remedied — not all of the tents were pitched so as to be next to headquarters. The manager has learned that in excursions there must be no tents at the outer end of the row, or at least there must be no one assigned to them. This is easy enough with a manager who understands his business; unfortunately ours did n't, but he meant well.

It was an exhilarating and at times amusing spectacle, the settling down of these excursionists to the brief camp life. There was a hint of the ineffable sparkle and charm of a military camp. Old vets. revived their nameless knacks in snugging up and making cosy their canvas domiciles. The flashing of lights, the merry challenge, the ungirded laughter and the pleasant fuss and buzz of nearly two hundred people, some jolly, some laborious, some querulous — it all made up a scene and a sound which it would seem one could not afford to miss. There were forty ladies in the party, and never did that amount of femininity make so little trouble. If some of them did not find things as they had a right to expect, they made no complaint, and throughout the encampment, they more than "acted well their part." On the night of arrival the manager found his staff unexpectedly augmented, and received most efficient assistance in "quartering the troops" from a fair aide, whose skill in smoothing over the difficulties of the situation merits this recognition. It is but justice to say that during the encampment, several lady members of the association showed that they felt a responsibility for the success of the trip, and were willing to work for it. Those who are only "passengers" in such an enterprise miss the best enjoyment of it. One of the features of the camp was the regimental headquarters. Let us glance at some of them. From the fertile brain of the Green Mountain historian comes the following. For the smallest of *premiums* he *insures* its accuracy.

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Vermont Headquarters.

"Two wall tents, side by side, nearly opposite the flag-staff, were occupied as Vermont headquarters. The tents were properly floored, and furnished with camp chairs. Flags and banners served as ornaments outside, and in one of the tents a large flag covered the walls of the interior. Hung between the two tents was a large banner on which was the coat-of-arms of Vermont, while in large letters on a placard, was the name of the Green Mountain State.

"Masten & Wells furnished a large number of Chinese lanterns, which hung gracefully about the tents, and when lit up at night, made the headquarters an attractive resort. There were many visitors daily, and several families were nightly entertained by the Vermonters. The exchange of courtesies between the citizens and the veterans were among the pleasant experiences at Camp Russell, and the contributions of flowers, bouquets and fruit from our Southern friends were truly appreciated. A box of grapes intended for General Thomas found its way into the Vermont headquarters and the 'Yankee curiosity' displayed by several of the party was remarkable; when the General came around, the party had considerately left a bunch or two — for which he was very grateful.

"There was a little mystery about one of the tents, which has never been explained. Often when Comrade Evarts, General Grout, Captain Howard and Brother Niver happened to assemble, it was noticed the tent would be entirely closed for awhile. But in a short time all would emerge with faces radiant with *smiles*.

"The only complaint against the soldierly dignity of the occupants was made after the first night in camp. It seemed that Brother Johnson was musically inclined, and he and Gilmore would n't go to sleep.

"The next morning our good Chaplain Whittemore was accosted by a friend, 'Well, Chaplain, how did you sleep?' and he replied, 'Not at all, for the inmates of the next tent were howling all night long.' He was told 'there was a

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citizen in the party who could not be controlled.' The Chaplain said, 'that explains it, no veterans would make such a hub-hub.' This explanation made Bond, Welch, Howard and others feel as though they were exonerated."

In addition to the above it may be said that as the Vermont delegation was the largest in the excursion, so its headquarters were always surrounded by a large, merry, yet dignified company, which was always contributing something to the wealth of our canvas-city life.

Nutmeg Rendezvous.

If any veteran has a monopoly of what may be characterized as "dignified jollity" that man is the commander-in-chief of the wooden-nutmeg delegation. How in the world General Dick. can come on parade with so much presence and suavity mingled, is a mystery to the rest of the boys. He has none of the reserved benignity of that M. V. M. knight, who so enchanted the O. M. contingent; nor has he the bold, glorious, winning cheek of the imperturbable, ubiquitous G. A. R. official. Yet he will go farther in convincing the crowd of the genuineness of a white-oak ham, than any of his compeers. It was marvellous, the popularity of that Connecticut tent. It was, in the first place, decorated exquisitely, and was one of the cosiest nests in Camp Russell. There must have been some occult attraction within the recesses of those knights of the original clock, for there was always a gathering around that tent of that part of the excursion which "knows a good thing" when they t—e it. This is all supposition, as no facts leaked out of that tent to warrant any insinuations. In all seriousness, General Dickinson ought to have felt flattered by the perpetual ovation which the Connecticut headquarters received from the best fellows in the party. He knows how to entertain handsomely, and puts everybody at ease and brings them into good-fellowship at once. General Dickinson must have had in camp at least half a barrel of genuine nutmegs, finely mounted with ribbon attachment, for he freely distrib-

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uted this Connecticut veteran badge as a souvenir of his delegation and headquarters. The quality of the Twelfth Connecticut, if not the quantity, was well represented in Camp Russell. What General Dickinson could not think of, Captain O'Brien could. Now this member of the Executive Committee, from the Ninth Connecticut, is a vet. who has tried, off and on, to shoot a rifle, and he has attained such proficiency that he can hit the side of a barn nearly every time, and he can also sight rifles for the Eighth Vermont team, in a sharp contest, so that its captain can accomplish the same feat if the distance is favorable. Captain O'Brien was one of the party on both excursions, and he did his full part in making the Connecticut tent "a cheering sight to see."

Headquarters Fourteenth New Hampshire.

These headquarters were the most elegant and elaborate in the camp. They consisted of two tents, the front one being of James Martin's best make; the material of the heaviest duck. It was private property, being ordered for the occasion. The tent proper was 16 x 12 feet, while the fly projected over the front end seven feet, forming an attractive and comfortable veranda. The tent and the veranda were floored, the former being carpeted. The post pindles projected through the roof of the tent far enough to support two gilded emblems, a large and beautiful 19th Army Corps badge with the figures "14" on it, and an elegant sphere. These attractive ornamentations for the top of the headquarters' tent were made and contributed by Sergt. H. P. Hunter, one of the active and efficient members of the Fourteenth Association. Directly in front of the tent were two tall flag poles supporting flags, banners and Japanese lanterns picturesquely disposed. The rear of these headquarters was a 10 x 12 wall tent, used for sleeping purposes. Inside, the main tent was handsomely decorated with tri-color bunting, and more delightfully by huge masses and bouquets of flowers presented by the ladies of Winchester each day to the feminine head of these headquarters, who found her "hands full" of reception duties and pleasures, as

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the tent and veranda was crowded full each night with warm-hearted and most enjoyable visitors. Although camp settees and stools abounded in the Fourteenth tent, yet they were always full, and a crowd eager, but unseated, filling all the space.

A Valuable Gift.

There was no ornament in Camp Russell so unique, or which attracted so much admiring attention as the costly gift of Messrs. Redding, Baird & Co., the celebrated stained-glass manufacturers, of Boston. This public-spirited firm determined to help along the veteran movement in an elegant and practical manner. The famous artistic skill and wonderful facility in execution for which this establishment is famed, was cleverly drawn upon and well directed in a large, beautiful and costly lantern for the illumination and adornment of the headquarters' tent. The supporting frame was of fine brass work, while the four sides were in stained glass, revealing the richest effects of the art as well as the best materials obtainable. The panels are partly emblematic, partly ornamental. The crowning feature in this gem of art is the transparent portrait of Lieut.-Gen. P. H. Sheridan, the most appropriate portraiture possible in this connection. It is an exceedingly difficult attainment — putting a faithful likeness *into*, not onto a sheet of glass — yet everybody familiar with the countenance of "Phil Sheridan" sees that Redding, Baird & Co. have transferred his exact lineaments in a masterly portrait to this lantern panel. In one panel is the badge of the 19th corps, with the lettering, "1st brig., 2nd div.," while another side shows the figures "14." As an acquisition to the headquarters and as an evidence of the artistic pre-eminence of the generous donors, this lantern was equally and constantly appreciated.

The headquarters of the Fourteenth were practically the headquarters of the camp, as the officers of the Association did not fit up and keep open the tents designed for that purpose. Probably Colonel Wellington's elegant double tent divided the honors with that of the Fourteenth as a general headquarters, as will be seen elsewhere. The presiding genius

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of the Fourteenth's headquarters — aside from the feminine *chief-of-staff* already referred to — was Capt. C. W. Hodgdon, paymaster and efficient helper in the general organization. Mrs. E. D. Hadley rendered most efficient service in entertaining and doing the honors of regimental headquarters. Here were also the headquarters of the Fourteenth New Hampshire Rifle Team. These headquarters were indebted to the generosity of Masten & Wells for the use of the handsome banner with the State arms emblazoned thereon.

Headquarters Twenty-Sixth Massachusetts.

If there was a "live" crowd, just prickly all over with excursion electricity, it was the Twenty-Sixth Massachusetts contingent. Not if they knew it would they be beaten by any other group. In every respect they took a genuine, hearty, active interest in the trip, the encampment, all, everything on hand. One of their fluent recruits furnishes the following, which never will be skipped:

"Probably no tent in Camp Russell contained a party more thoroughly imbued with the sentiments becoming the associations of the place than did tent 20, the headquarters of the Twenty-Sixth Massachusetts. Here it was that the battles of the Valley were planned, fought, and very successfully managed by men whose only war record consisted of a certificate, with an iron-clad voucher that they did upon one or two occasions (one comrade, I believe, did own up to having been drafted twice) furnish and pay three hundred dollars for a substitute.

"Soon after our arrival in camp, 'all hands' were seized with a laudable desire to excel in the matter of decoration. We succeeded, to use the words of the genial colonel, in 'capturing the b-b-bake-shop.' To see the colonel as he brought his darkies around into line when they were setting the flag-staff that afterwards graced the surroundings, was very suggestive of the habits of slave-drivers in the antebellum days. It delighted our hearts as we listened. 'Jump yourselves, you dark-skinned specimens of Dixie's chief production, jump

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yourselves, if you want to recline in ease under the shades of just a little bit the finest flag on the grounds, and earn a half a dollar quicker than you ever did in your lives.' After we had succeeded in decorating the tent and its surroundings to our satisfaction, we next turned to our plans for the future. All agreed that some military precision ought to be practiced. The very next morning the discipline that marked every movement of ours was displayed. It was just about daybreak, and every one in the tent except the captain was in the realms of Morpheus. A roar suggestive of an approaching thunder shower, or the distant firing of artillery, although it had somewhat a nasal twang, and was extremely annoying to the neighbors for four or five tents around, came from within. A slight noise was heard that might have been caused by drawing a cork from a bottle. Some one asked in an expectant voice — Apple Jack? Then was heard in unison, with all the precision of a country school at prayer time, not a vocal musket hanging fire, 'Don't care if I do.'

"Honors were very easy among us. We took with us a first class railroad conductor, who couldn't kill a chicken, and who would give a boy fifty cents any day to kill a cat rather than do it himself. By his successful recount of his valor on many a hard-fought field to some of Stonewall Jackson's boys, he so completely won our admiration that we commissioned him colonel, and colonel he will remain as long as the tale of valor can inspire us. The writer, who wasn't born till the war was well under way, became a veteran captain in the Twenty-Sixth Massachusetts for no greater exploit than conducting a successful foraging expedition, whose only plunder was about four dozen eggs, borrowed somewhat surreptitiously from neighboring henroosts. Even our surgeon had no better claim to his rank than that he was the victim of two drafts in two different States.

"Our comrade, the chief of police, tried to send consternation to the heart of the chief of pyrotechnical display by causing him to come into possession of a proclamation relative to fireworks at Brookline some two or three years before. That gentleman, who didn't know from what source it came, looked

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at it for a moment, his eyes flashing fire, then said he, in a tone of greatest disdain, 'Go to the chief of police and present him Wells' compliments, and tell him to go to the d——l.' The pyrotechnical artist didn't care a 'hurrah' whether it was the chief of police of Brookline or Winchester that sent it. Thus his first serious attempt at a joke failed, and he didn't try again during the whole trip. He contented himself by humming 'When I can Reed my title clear.'

"Our distinguished comrade from Natick came into camp one day wearing a disconsolate and forlorn look, that a man might bear after being run through a threshing machine, and exclaimed, 'I have met her.' 'Her' proved to be a little Winchester maiden who had nursed him through a serious illness, and had saved his life more than twenty long years before. Never had he forgotten her, and he had proudly showed the bouquet she had given him at parting, now faded and dry; he the Northern soldier and she the Virginian maid.

"Many were the incidents of that trip not soon to be forgotten. Memories of it will be cherished. Many of them were ludicrous, and many tended to move the hardest heart, and no party entered into the spirit of each event of that excursion, either grave or gay, more thoroughly than the tent party of No. 20, the headquarters of the survivors of the Twenty-Sixth Massachusetts."

Headquarters Thirty-Eighth Massachusetts.

We are under many obligations to Past Department Commander George H. Patch, G. A. R., for his acceptance of our invitation to "write a piece" for this volume. If the style of the following is deemed a little turgid it must be borne in mind that Comrade Patch is not allowed to write, either so well or so funny as he can. If his own name and deeds are not so prominent as they should be, it is because he was an occupant of the tent, and he never blows his own horn.

"Should anybody imagine that there was not a 'team' in tent No. 3, let him try driving it once and he will have a

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glimmer of entirely fresh light let into his surprised mentality. It was a double tent, floored and provided with a centre table (which has never been seen since the occupants vacated) and cots, camp-stools, etc. It was one of the most elegant headquarters in camp and was really the official social headquarters of the excursion and most of the business of the Executive Committee was transacted there. Somehow Colonel Wellington could boast of the most picturesque grouping of the brave and the fair, on his veranda, every evening, that was to be seen on the grounds. The Thirty-Eighth headquarters had many advantages. They were centrally located, were roomy and were only occupied by two persons. So it fell out that these headquarters had peculiar facilities for exhibiting the hospitality of the association to its own members and to the prominent citizens of the town, who called on the veterans. These headquarters were tastefully decorated and their occupants knew how to make it "mighty agreeable" to all comers. No one need depart without a smile and few did so. On the directory, tent No. 3 was chalked down to the "Chief of Rifle Practice" but as said Chief managed to discharge his arduous duties, and at the same time superintend his hospitalities, any extended reference to that use of the tent is not absolutely essential."

Camp Guard.

Camp Russell was located on the very edge of the town and was exposed to the incursions of that class which infests every large community. However, very little trouble was experienced and few complaints of loss were made. The roster shows that efficient officers of the day had the camp in charge and Chief of Police Bowman would frighten any criminal at forty rods. In the evening when thousands of people were in the camp, the guards were necessarily vigilant and they were very efficient. It was no light matter to protect so many tents, easy of access, while most of their occupants were outside, yet this duty was well done. The quartermaster and quartermaster-sergeant deserve great praise,

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for their untiring efforts in caring for the camp property. It was simply impossible to induce our colored brethren employed in camp to obey orders in reference to the commissariat and camp equipage, but the two colored women who had charge of the ladies' tents were treasures in their place and gave entire satisfaction.

On Wednesday night no public exercises were attempted, and it was pretty late before some of the campaigners got fully settled down to rest. There was work enough ahead, and nobody was anxious for anything but sleep that night.

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LURAY AND ANTIETAM.

The author of this classic work was detained in camp on Thursday, and consequently was incapacitated for the duty of writing up the two excursions of that day. He is now glad he did n't go, for he is able to give an account of the Luray trip much more sprightly and readable than anything he could have prepared. And here, again, he is indebted to a woman.

It was a beautiful morning when the greater part of the veterans turned their backs to the camp for a trip to Luray or Antietam, as personal preference should decide. There was some delay in starting from the station, but it was not lost time, for it gave opportunity for studying a number of characteristic faces among the motley crowd assembled to witness our departure, the faces of our sable brethren conspicuously present in almost unlimited variety of expression and degree of intelligence. The photographer of the excursion, Mr. French, took a very satisfactory picture of one of the varying phases of the scene. There was some search and anxiety for a veteran of the party, who had entrusted the care of his overshoes to one of the gentle sex, but he failed to put in an appearance, and the fair damsel kindly sought a wearer for the troublesome articles thus left on her hands. But her generosity was in vain — each one appeared to have a foot either too large or too small, or had provided himself, or, worse yet, laughed scornfully at the idea of needing them. Her offer was unanimously "declined with thanks," and she retreated to her seat followed by audible smiles and hypocritical sympathy.

The Valley of the Shenandoah must be one whose fruit ripens early, for an acquaintance begun just before the train started grew rapidly to friendship, and when we reached the point where the two excursions separated, it had assumed a sentimental phase that might have terminated in undying love within another half hour. But alas! while her ticket was for

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the enchanted caverns of the earth, his urged him to a (once) bloody battle-field. We wonder if he has yet forgotten the mournful adieus, and the regretful glances exchanged as the train glided slowly away from the spot where his enchantress stood, lamenting the fate that separated them. The drawing attractions of Luray proved superior to those of Antietam, though the latter trip was well patronized.

We will leave those who chose it to pursue their way unattended, while we join the party to the Luray. Certainly we could not have chosen a happier group than the one to which we attach ourselves. As most of us are dignified, sober, married people, with only one blooming young miss and one bashful young man to give us any apprehensions of levity, we settle down in a corner with contented gravity, and prepare to feast our eyes on the beautiful scenery. Our security is more certain, we think, because on the opposite seat we find our two spinster friends, who have always conducted themselves with such dignified and becoming propriety.

But alas! how short were our dreams of peace and quietness! Our grave and decorous friends were "off duty," and determined to make the most of their time. Such a merry, merry set, overflowing with mirth and good nature! The vender of ancient caramels found abundant custom here, as the emptied boxes were so useful in decorating the figure of our "imitation general," which decoration finally absorbed all our interest. Never before had favored statesman, soldier or prince received such lavish decorations as did our gallant colonel. Contributions were received of the pretty little buckets, which many reserved as mementoes of the trip. A few of these, alternating with red bananas down the whole front of the coat, and a cap surmounted with the caramel inscription, "Price 5 cents," and a plentiful sprinkling of badges over the noble chest, made such a charming *tout ensemble* as to call forth shouts of admiration, which brought painful blushes to the "General's" cheek. These were effectually concealed by a white lace fichu, which served as a veil, and thus fortified, the bewitching apparition was led through a forward car, which contained a party of excursionists from

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some place on the route. Whether they supposed us to be lunatics on a vacation, or accepted our pranks as what might be expected of Yankees, we never knew, but we would like to.

When near the scene of John Brown's execution, there were at least three or four gentlemen who knew the exact spot, and were ready to point it out at the right moment. Would there had been but one! Then we could have enjoyed the knowledge, but with four gentlemen pointing to four different spots, we not only found it extremely difficult to look at them all at the same moment, but were forced to the painful conclusion that poor John Brown had been drawn and quartered before he was hung, which conclusion was harrowing to the feelings and discreditable to the country.

Many were the stories told and experiences recalled as some pass or mountain, ford or field, familiar in the day of war, stimulated the memory of one veteran or another, and kept an undercurrent of serious tenderness throughout all the mirth and cheerfulness. The charming diversity of landscape well repaid the journey were there no attraction offered at the end. Beautiful in such a time of drought, wonderful must be its beauty under favorable conditions. A panorama of lovely pictures, passing swiftly and almost uninterrupted to Luray. Arrived at Luray, we were struck with the home-like New England appearance of the beautiful hotel opposite the station, which is itself a pretty and attractive building.

We stopped here to take a photograph of our "imitation general," and wait for coaches to take our party to the cave. Oh! the dust. The air was full of it, dry and fine, and the horses waded through it, we dare not say how many inches deep. Up the hills they toiled, through the dreary little town, and still drearier country, a country so monotonous and uninteresting that we began to think there must be some mistake about the cave. But from the high piazza of the Cave house, what a beautiful picture! A valley, not long and narrow, as we so often find in New England, but nearly round, and surrounded by a circle of beautiful mountains. After sitting awhile watching the shifting lights and shadows on the mountains and across the valley, we felt disinclined to leave such a

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sight for the dark recesses of earth, however wonderful they might be. But we were warned that our time was short, and donning gossamer and rubbers, we started on our downward course. The chill of the grave comes over us as we enter, and we wonder how we could have fretted at the heat of the summer day. It is useless to attempt the description of the wonders we saw and heard, yes, heard; for what sight so realistic as the sounds of the organ notes, sweet and clear, that were brought out of the rock by a slight touch. We see the fish market, the hides, the bridal veil, the shawl, the altar, and innumerable real and fancied resemblances. Now we ascend stair after stair, now we almost creep through low, narrow passages, and then we find ourselves in the large dancing hall, where we are shown the rising moon.

We have not forgotten the jolly, round-faced attendant, who dogged the footsteps of two gentlemen of our party, who carried colored fire in their pockets, and sought opportunities for lighting them. Our attendant spirit would often fall out of line, and with a sigh of relief and a suppressed "He's gone!" we would meditate on an illumination, when lo! from under some rock ahead, or out of some narrow crevice, would step the untiring and unceasingly smiling goblin, whose sole duty seemed to be keeping an eye on the suspected veterans. We had not time to thoroughly "do" the cave, but we saw enough to satisfy us that the trip was one worth taking. After reaching sunlight again, a few groups were photographed, and then we started on our homeward way, much more subdued than when we started in the morning. Down through that terrible cloud of dust, past the thickly-clustered dwellings that crowd each other at the entrance of the cave-road like importunate beggars anxious to catch every penny that the pitying traveller may throw, we find our own seats again in the train, and move quickly toward camp in the fading sunset, the gathering twilight and the soft darkness, tired and hungry, but well pleased with the pleasures of the day, and grateful to our gentlemanly conductor, Mr. C. E. Dudrow, whose kind attention to our comfort has greatly enhanced the enjoyment of the trip.

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CONNECTICUT NIGHT.

Thursday night was assigned to the Nutmeggers, but the exercises could not begin until nearly nine o'clock, because the Luray and Antietam excursions did not arrive in camp on time. The history of the Antietam trip does not appear here for the simple reason that the historian of that party has failed to hand in his "copy." All the reports, however, were enthusiastic, and we presume everybody was satisfied. It was a pretty tired, but an exceedingly good-natured crowd, and they did not demand a great deal of orating, and General Dickinson did not give them much. His speech that night was unique, containing his best attempts at eloquence, and was pronounced to be one of his most successful efforts. The Connecticut delegation declared that he never did better. It is with regret that we are unable to reproduce it verbatim.

The big crowd was startled and delighted by the brilliant firework display of Masten & Wells, of Boston, who took an unexpected and most remarkable interest in the excursion, and during the encampment conducted such an elaborate and magnificent series of displays as were never before seen in all that region, and rarely witnessed anywhere save on great pub lic occasions. Both members of the firm were with the party, also the son of Mr. Wells. Their efforts were untiring to please the immense crowds which enjoyed their art and skill. Two large tents were required to hold the fireworks brought to the Valley by this firm. In addition to the orders given by the different regiments and States, Masten & Wells contributed to the display several hundred dollars' worth of pyrotechnics, besides furnishing their own services free — a liberality entirely unparalleled in the history of this association. On this occasion, Connecticut presented a beautiful colored fire illumination in red, white, and blue, a brilliant fusillade of rockets, lights, bombs, etc. The crowning effect was achieved

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in the splendid set piece, with the motto, "Connecticut to Virginia," which was in every respect a success.

The Connecticut vets. did not forget the music, and the band was on hand to enliven the hour with its more than dulcet notes. The party was just getting "broke in" to camp life, and it was a jolly, happy little city of travellers, not exactly tenting on an oasis because it was too dry for any suggestion of an oasis, and each spear of grass was hunting for its little hole. Before we left, all these little spears had found their holes, and had crawled in out of sight. Yes, Connecticut night was a success, and General Dick. felt a great burden roll off his converging shoulders.

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THE HARRISONBURG RECEPTION.

The lovely town of Harrisonburg had been most cordial in its invitations to the excursionists. On Friday, the 18th, the trip up the Valley seventy miles was made to Harrisonburg. Excellent preparations had been made to receive us. Such men as Col. O. B. Roller, J. W. Blair — an old comrade of the Tenth Vermont — and those associated with them on the committee of arrangements, are sure to achieve success when entertaining is to be done. Colonel Roller is every inch a soldier, and a choice man to know. He made friends of all who were presented to him. The following sub-committees were appointed: On Veteran Team, W. H. Stinespring, John H. Ralston, of D., A. N. Black; on Military Team, Col. O. B. Roller, Lt. E. W. Sullivan, Private Jehu Long; on decorations, J. H. Dwyer, C. P. McQuaide, Jehu Long, Luther Morrison, W. R. Bowman.

At eight o'clock the excursion train started from Winchester, and on account of being drawn by a freight engine and encountering hindrances from freight trains, we did not arrive in Harrisonburg until about noon. Vice-commander Rhodes was in charge of the exercises on the part of the association. On the way up, at every stop, excursion photographer French was industrious in obtaining good negatives. In some respects the citizens of Harrisonburg had made more elaborate reception preparations than in 1883. The feeling of the people is well expressed in the following, written by a Southern woman:

"How different the advent now of these veterans who had helped to swell the ranks of Sheridan's army in 1864. They come not with fire and sword, but with countenances beaming with peace and good will and the right hand of fellowship extended to express their willingness to be brothers again; anxious that all should share alike the inheritance due them from our common country. The Southerner who can clasp that extended hand, without one resentful, revengeful feeling, should be called the 'Noblest Roman of them all.'"

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Bunting and decorations were displayed, and the tables were spread in the delightful shade of the great court-house yard. The line of march, as planned by the reception committee, was broken in upon by the plan, unannounced, of our party, to march to the Confederate cemetery and decorate the monument to the Confederate dead. This was entirely unexpected to the citizens, and had a very pleasant effect. On our part, it was the ingenuous expression of a sincere respect for the Southern soldier. The service at the monument was brief and touching, Chaplain Whittemore offered prayer, and the flowers were tenderly laid about the shaft which perpetuates heroism, even if that heroism was futile and misguided. Just as the exercise closed, a peculiar feature was introduced by a lady in black appearing in her official capacity, and asking for pecuniary assistance in maintaining the Confederate cemetery. She received a handsome donation. The following is the comment upon this donation, made by the lady already quoted:

"Truly our soldiers had met foemen worthy of their steel; magnanimous men, who gave of their means to keep in order the graves of those opposed to them in principles, made impracticable by war, but not wrong."

The visitors marched back to the court-house grove, escorted by the Harrisonburg Guards, a splendid military organization. There the formal welcome and response were given, the mayor felicitously opening the exercises in the presence of a great crowd of people. The formal address of welcome was an able effort, and was responded to by Vice-commander Rhodes. This closed the formalities that were expected, but the unexpected became a most *taking* portion of the interchange of courtesies. As souvenirs of the occasion, Vice-commander Rhodes presented to the mayor, to the chairman of the committee of welcome, and to Colonel Roller, each a valuable gold badge of the association. The time to spare before dinner was fully occupied in personal greetings, sight seeing, and the making and reviewing of acquaintanceship. During the day many of the houses in Harrisonburg were

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opened to the visitors, and these entertainments were exquisite to the Northern pilgrims.

The dinner was served under the delightful umbrageous canopy of the court-house square, and the feast was a good illustration of Southern hospitality. It was bountiful and delicious, and the attack on the tables was as determined as any these vets. ever made on the terribly obstinate foes whom they encountered more than two decades agone. Some of the ladies of the party desire that these pages shall especially record the thoughtful and generous attentions of Mrs. Houck, and there are others whose names the writer can not bring to his pen's point as he ought and would.

A Southern View.

The following is a descriptive comment on our visit to Harrisonburg, written by a lady in that place to her sister in Lynchburg. The old fire of the Southern woman, the eulogium on heroes in gray, is quite natural, interesting, and, in this year of grace, unobjectionable:

I know you will want to hear all about the reception of our Yankee friends, and wish you could have been here to enjoy it as we did. The preparations for the visitors, who were very welcome, and really pleasant when they came, could but rouse old memories, and made us feel as if all the intervening years and the peace and plenty of these later days, all the mutual good feeling, was but a dream, and we found ourselves again in the midst of the bitter struggle, every consideration of policy and courtesy forgotten, and remembering only that we were preparing to meet those who had come before as "invaders of our sacred soil." Oh! don't you remember that morning we all stood on uncle's porch, such a lively set of girls, to bid our soldiers goodby, just as the "Yankees were coming?" How handsome Captain Chipley looked, and how merry and bright Captain Baylor and Lieutenant Grady were, as they made us promise that our hearts should not be captivated by the fine-looking Yankee officers! How they all loitered and jested that sweet summer morning, until General Ashby rode up, and, after speaking to papa, said, "Gentlemen, you had better join the command," and then the boys, springing on their impatient horses, bowed until their plumes almost touched the saddle bow, and in a

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moment were out of sight. And Ashby, in that soft, gentle voice, which it seemed that nothing could make harsh or fierce, said, "Colonel Gray, you had better take the ladies into the house, there might be firing in the streets," pointing, as he rode off, to the head of the federal column, which was already entering the town. And then in less than five minutes those hateful blue-coats dashed after him, only to dash back with more speed and less ceremony, as they recoiled from the reception our sharpshooters had prepared for them behind the stone fence in the meadow at the end of the street. How we girls laughed as the riderless horses and hatless men galloped back for "reinforcements." How scornfully we answered when that stylish Yankee major told us Ashby had been killed in the first skirmish of that morning, and told him we had heard that story so often it no longer alarmed us. And yet in our hearts we feared it might be true, and late in the evening, another officer told papa he believed the report of Ashby's death was true, because as he went through the country, all the women were crying, or looking as if they had heard sad news. And then we found it was really true, our hero had fallen, and as his noble form was carried off the field, orders were given that it should be covered to keep the soldiers from finding out that the leader they idolized was gone. How we wept with the doors and windows all closed, lest our enemies should know of the grief they had brought to us! But I am filling up my letter with reminiscences instead of telling you of the gala day we have had with friends who were once foes, but are now gladly welcomed to our hearts and homes.

I cannot tell you how I felt as we heard the notes of the "Star Spangled Banner," and saw the column advancing, but our own band was playing at the head of the company, and we put aside all thought of the precious blood that was shed, and tried to forget that Virginia is a land of graves as we greeted those who came, not as dreaded foes, but honored friends. And, indeed, like brothers was their first act. They marched at once to our soldier's cemetery, reverently to lay flowers upon the graves of our dead. All present realized that the blue and the gray had each been true to the cause which seemed to them right in the light of their generation. The lady president of our memorial association, to whose zeal and energy we owe the neat appearance of the quiet camping-ground, where they who fell fighting for us sleep, spoke a few words of acknowledgment of the visitor's courtesy, and they gracefully offered a contribution for keeping the grounds in order, which was accepted in the spirit in which the offer was made. Could we give greater proof of friendship and fraternity than thus to

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allow strangers to aid us in caring for our beloved dead? Every eye was dim, and voices grew husky with tender emotion. After this no bitter thoughts could come. If war stories were told, it was in jest, and as we would exchange experiences of trial and hardship with old friends of whose sympathy we are assured. One lady, whose gentle tones were soothing to sad hearts, said over and over, "Oh! how you must have suffered; it seems wonderful to hear such words of friendship from those who have endured so much," and we felt that in far-away Vermont we should in future have sympathizing friends — surely they have left behind them in the valley of Virginia those who will hold them in loving remembrance. Thus and thus only can wounds be healed, scars effaced, bitterness turned to kindness, and "brethren dwell together in unity."

We brought the visitors to our homes, and though their stay was too short to accomplish much, we tried to show them what there was of interest in our quiet village, and parted from them with real regret. The colonel who was with the party, made many inquiries as to a Miss Lucy G——, whom he remembered in war times, and one of the gentlemen he questioned answered, with a smile, "I can tell you all about her, sir, as she is my wife." And then amid much cheerful talk and many cordial greetings, we learned that the colonel, then a cavalry captain, had in that dreary autumn of '64 found Miss G's family in great distress and anxiety, having recently lost two of the sons, and when they appealed to him for protection, he had stationed guards around the house, and done all he could to aid the family. After ordering the guards to stay until the army had all passed, he rode off to join his company, and taking a cross-road he supposed to be in the right direction, he suddenly found himself in the midst of a rebel camp. As he wore a waterproof overcoat, the soldiers did not suspect him, being busy with their supper, and he turned his horse, and rode quietly along until a turn in the road gave him the chance to escape, and he could gallop off, by no means anxious to claim Virginia hospitality then, though accepting it very gracefully now. My husband brought a number of the gentlemen up to see "Sam Purdy," of whose fame as a race-horse they had heard, and they greatly admired him and our other fine stock. I told the colonel we would have been far from letting him see our horses on their former visit, as we were well aware that a cavalryman considered it his first duty to be well mounted!

Altogether, it was a day full of pleasure and left no regret, but that we were not able more worthily to entertain our guests. The town was handsomely decorated, and all the private houses gay with ban-

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ners. As I saw my little son gather some fragments of bunting accidentally torn from a large flag, which was fastened over the door-way saying, "I want to keep every piece of our country's flag," I felt mingled emotions of pleasure and pain, that my boy should thus honor and love the flag that was to us the symbol of tyranny and oppression in the wild heat of civil war. I can now truly thank God that his father and mother, who have so suffered under its folds, can in these better days teach him that the flag of our country, purified from the stain of slavery, is indeed worthy of all honor. Judge Paul, now a staunch republican, judge of W. S. district court, whom you remember as a tried and true Confederate soldier, made a speech which gratified every one. He can look calmly at all sides of national questions, and while speaking with manly sincerity and hope for the future, referred with respectful sympathy to the sorrowful past.

We were very sorry indeed that the arrangements for the canvass made it impossible for Gen. Fitz Lee to be here to make the address of welcome to the veterans. As he was allowed the honor of assisting in bearing the remains of General Grant to their last rest, we wanted him to meet these friends who have strewed flowers upon the graves of the honored dead. Your friend and champion, John Wise, may be all you claim, he may be the superior of our candidate in talents and public capacity, and while I must admit that he has shown "the courage of his convictions" in casting behind him the traditions of a by-gone day, and aiding the enfranchised race in their pathway to progress, still you know "old Virginia never tires" of the leaders she has followed, right or wrong, and we all wished for our whole-souled General Fitz, convivial as he always is among good comrades, to complete the pleasures of our festal day with the visiting veterans.

The Rifle Matches.

One of the chief events of the day was the rifle contests, announced to come off. Colonel Roller had taken a great deal of interest in these competitions, and had done his best to arrange for a special match between the militia of Massachusetts and Virginia. He had taken the best course in pursuing that object, *i. e.*, he had sent a challenge to Colonel Wellington, commanding the best militia regiment in New England, himself one of the best officers in the country. He desired to accept this challenge, and would have assured an appropriate and valuable prize to be shot for in this competi-

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tion, but unfortunately, the Creedmoor matches, occurring at the same time, would take the men he must depend on — members of the State team at Creedmoor — and he was not confident of his ability to find another five members of the militia fit for this match who could afford the time and expense. Colonel Wellington was, therefore, compelled to decline this very desirable invitation of Colonel Roller. It was determined, however, to meet Colonel Roller as nearly "half way" as was practicable. On the way from Winchester to Harrisonburg, a team was improvised for this special match with the Guards.

The riflemen could n't wait for the dinner hour. They made a premature raid on the tables, and bolted an utterly unceremonious and half salivated meal while the Winchester and Harrisonburg team captains were deciding which should stand as the genuine "Gray" team. The matter was amicably settled by the chivalrous act of Colonel Roller in withdrawing his team from consideration in this connection. A big crowd was on hand at the range, and the interest was remarkable. Crude as was the first trial, it was sufficient to demonstrate the value of these matches in cementing friendships between old combatants.

Whatever may be said of the relative advantages of the contending forces in 1864 in the Shenandoah Valley, there is but one thing to say of the contest of 1885 — the advantages were all with the Johnnies. A long march and no time for dinner preceded the shooting. Captain Nulton was smart enough to keep his team quiet. The firing point was on a side hill sloping to the burning sun, and the captain of the Blue team was barely saved from a sunstroke, the afternoon being a very warm one. The following score of the teams at the five-hundred yards distance is given as a curiosity, and it shows what utterly wretched shooting every man in each team was guilty of. At two hundred yards, Captain Hodgdon made the best score of the day. All of the Grays used the best Springfield military rifle, while of the Blues, Forbes, Wellington and Reed used the military rifle. As will be seen by the score, two points at each distance were allowed those using a military rifle.

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SCORE AT 500 YARDS.

BLUES.

Buffum,	0	2	4	4	3	0	4		17
Forbes,	0	5	0	0	0	0	0	5+2=	7
Harris,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0		0
Hodgdon,	2	0	0	0	2	4	4		12
Reed,	2	0	5	0	0	0	2	9+2=	11
Welch,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0		0
Wellington,	0	0	2	0	5	0	0	7+2=	9
Total,									56

GRAYS.

Blankner,	0	0	0	2	0	0	2	4+2=	6
Calvert,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0+2=	2
Hodson,	0	2	2	0	0	0	0	4+2=	6
Nulton,	0	2	0	5	4	0	0	11+2=	13
Striker,	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	2+2=	4
Trenary,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0+2=	2
McCoy,	2	0	3	0	4	2	0	11+2=	13
Total,									46

It will be seen that as between the teams goose-egg honors were easy, and although the Blues had the best of it at the long distance, the Grays were considerably better at the short distance, so that in the grand, or rather inglorious aggregate, the Grays stood some forty points ahead. The match called for ten shots per man at each distance, but for want of time the strings were limited to seven shots. At the close of the Blue and Gray match a team was improvised from the excursion to contest with the team of Captain Roller for the Packard Trophy, the donor having kindly consented to a departure from the original intent. This match went on until the last possible moment, when the visiting team tumbled into the barge in order to reach the train, leaving the match in an unfinished and unsatisfactory stage. It was the understanding that each side should fire out its strings, respectively at Harrisonburg and Winchester. The excursion team—through

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no fault of its own — was unable to complete its scores, and the match and the trophy were forfeited to the Harrisonburg team.

The Wellington Trophy.

A reference to the roster shows that five regimental associations became eligible to contest for the valuable trophy donated by Colonel Wellington. It may be surmised that the gallant Chief of Rifle Practice became a trifle disgusted at the lack of proper arrangements for the rifle matches. At any rate he did not attempt to push the matches through. Two of the regimental teams obtained leave of the Chief of Rifle Practice to proceed with the match, without reference to the other teams. Between five and six o'clock, on Monday morning, the two teams got the earliest coffee and piled into hacks bound for the range. Capt. L. O'Brien, the best shot in camp, went out as *coach* of the Eighth Vermont team and he put in some efficient work for the Vermonters, in sighting their rifles right down to a nicety. The accomplished captain of the Ninth Connecticut was induced to ease up on that performance when the captain of the Fourteenth New Hampshire team called his attention to the Creedmoor rules. The Eighth and the Fourteenth teams completed their scores at both distances, thus complying with the terms upon which the trophy was offered. The Vermonters fought gallantly but the memory of Stark was too much for the shades of Ethan Allen, as the 2d Division was always a little ahead of the 1st, in the 19th Corps. The Fourteenth team won the trophy, not exactly by a scratch, but the margin was not big enough to perch a very pretentious rooster on. It leaked out that the marksmen of the Eighth intended and expected to "scoop" the New Hampshire boys in this match, and that the captain of the team relied confidently on his extensive rifle practice, at the West, on buffalo and coyotes, for success in this trial.

That early morning contest with the rifle, just outside of Winchester, will not soon be forgotten. It was demonstrated that with proper facilities, easily obtainable, these rifle competitions may be of great value in cementing veteran com-

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panionships. Special credit is due to those who have fostered these healthy rivalries, by offering beautiful and costly trophies for competition.

The Next Competition.

According to the terms of these matches, the winning team must name the time and place for the next competition, as the trophy is to be shot for annually, until some team has won it three times in succession. The Fourteenth Rifle Team has selected Winchester, N. H., as the place, and Tuesday, September 21, as the time, for the next trial. It is expected that teams from all five of the eligible regiments will be present. The team of the Fourteenth will entertain the visiting teams. As this is the first competition of the kind ever held in New England, it is sure to attract a good deal of attention.

The trip to Harrisonburg was an event never to be forgotten. The hospitality of citizens and military was universally commended, and the Harrisonburg people have reared another "shaft in memory's hall." The return to Winchester was uneventful, but as soon as the denizens of Camp Russell could light up, the scene became brilliant. As has been hinted the phenomenally dry season made the dust well nigh intolerable and there were no available facilities for sprinkling the camp-ground, although in some cases it was essayed in front of tents. Had it not been for the dried up turf, Camp Russell would have proved one of the pleasantest camp-grounds ever occupied. As it was it was very enjoyable, despite the dust, which did not rise but only "spoiled the looks" under foot and made shoe blacking a mockery. At night this annoyance was forgotten, and Friday night was more than well emphasized in the programme.

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VERMONT CAMP-FIRE.

A Brilliant Scene and a Rousing Meeting of the Blue and Gray.

The following readable account of the camp-fire on "Vermont night" is furnished by Col. George N. Carpenter:

"Gaiety reigned supreme, rockets pierced the sky, beautiful fireworks enchanted the people of Winchester, enlivening music filled the air and the whole camp was a scene of life and beauty. General Thomas, Lieut.-Gov. Ormsbee, General Grout, and Colonel Mead were at their best, and their splendid speeches won the hearts of the Virginians and touched responsive chords in the Union and Confederate veterans. The citizens remarked that never before had they witnessed in the Valley such a magnificent display of fireworks, which had been specially prepared in Boston for this occasion. Two set pieces especially called forth great applause. These were a gigantic figure of a Vermonter with his right hand extended, over which was the sentiment, in large letters, 'Vermont greets Virginia.' The other was a large wreath arranged in various colors in which in bold letters of fire twinkled out the name of 'Thomas' in honor of our Vermont General who made such a reputation in the battle fought here. It was a splendid compliment to him, and the Confederate and Union soldiers all joined in declaring it was worthy his splendid reputation as a soldier.

"There were between 3,000 and 4,000 people in our camp, of the best citizens of Winchester and the surrounding country, many coming from twenty and thirty miles away. These camp-fires have brought out not only the colored people but great numbers of representatives of the first families of Virginia, who came to share in the enjoyments and applaud the orators and the fraternal sentiments expressed of loyalty to the union and a desire for the best interest of our common country.

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Col. Fred E. Smith of Montpelier, member of the executive committee, had charge of the meeting, and ably and wittily did the honors of the hour.

The following is

COLONEL SMITH'S SPEECH.

Ladies and Gentlemen of New England and of Virginia, Comrades of the Blue and Comrades of the Gray: —

After all the journeying, the marching, the feasting, the excitements and the fatigues of this day, I shall not ask you to listen to any lengthy exercises this evening. Yet I believe there comes from the thousands of faces, upturned towards this platform, a desire to hear from the Vermonters and Virginians so happily assembled here.

The experiences of this day in our excursion up and down this beautiful valley, and at Harrisonburg, prove most positively that Europe was no prophet when twenty years ago she said, "the States of the North and South can never again be united, nor the people ever again be friends."

We came from the Green Mountains to Virginia, to pass once again over her historic fields, to do honor to our fallen braves who lie buried here, to grasp once more the friendly hand now extended by comrades who wore the gray, and to do what we might to cement the already assured friendship which exists between those who remain of both armies.

The pleasures and enjoyments of this excursion I can never tell. It is enough that we have been most cordially received and royally entertained on every hand.

Yes, Vermont is here to-night, by her representatives, and we propose to hold a CAMP-FIRE on this sacred soil for one brief hour. And my duty now is simply to *touch off* the pyrotechnics *on this platform*, to light the fires which *they* will keep burning, as I believe, to your delight.

Among these are General Thomas, well known in this vicinity as well as among his native hills, ex-Governor Ormsbee, General Grout and Colonel Mead of Vermont, sandwiched in with Major Conrad of General Rosser's staff, Major

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Jones of Alabama, of General Gordon's staff, Colonel Riley of the First Virginia Cavalry. Then I will present to you Winchester's own gallant soldier, Captain Nulton, with his gray rifle team, who have to-day so handsomely vanquished our blue rifle team at Harrisonburg and carried off our silver cannon — as a trophy — for I know you will wish to see and congratulate them upon their victory.

After which our REAL FIREWORKS will close our entertainment and show you in words of living fire, "*Vermont's Greetings to Virginia.*"

Seated upon the platform were brave soldiers of the blue and of the gray. Among the speakers present, by invitation of the committee, were Colonel Jones, a member of the Confederate General Gordon's staff, now a resident of Alabama, who was spending a few days at Winchester, Colonel Riley of the First Virginia Cavalry, and the brave and chivalric Captain Nulton of Winchester, who made a reputation in the army second to none for brave and valorous service. These brave officers vied with the Union speakers in laudation of the Union and spirit of true loyalty. Captain Nulton, whose face was familiar to a large number of the old veterans, and who is clerk of the Court at Winchester, received a most cordial welcome not only from the veterans but from the citizens of his native city. He spoke for the future of the country, and pledged that the Confederates would join the veterans of the Union armies to advance all the grand interests of a common country.

Colonel Riley spoke briefly and to the point. His dashing words were like one of his cavalry charges during the war. The sentiment expressed was, let the past bury its dead, and let us join hand North and South, East and West, for the noble victories of peace. He pledged the South to touch elbow with the North in case of any call to arms in the future.

When General Thomas was introduced, there was a prolonged shout from the vast audience, for his reputation here in the valley is about as high as among the old hills of Vermont. General Thomas spoke substantially as follows:

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General Thomas's Speech.

I am rejoiced to meet you, the sons and daughters of Virginia, thus in peace, and indeed I feel that it is good for me to be here, where the star spangled banner is now cherished and honored. I am at home under its folds, and I rejoice that we have a united country with one constitution as well as but one flag, and that we Vermonters and Virginians now have but one purpose, and that is to do all that we can to build up our country, to make it what our fathers desired it should be, and elevate and improve the condition of all our people in all of our States—remembering that we are brothers and belong to the great brotherhood of mankind. I am glad that the blue and the gray now meet as friends. We have come from amongst the Green Mountains of Vermont and have brought our wives and children if possible, to renew and cement the fraternal feeling of the people of our States. During the war I found the women of the South were unlike the women of the North in this, that they were more ready to give up their sons, brothers, husbands, fathers and lovers, buckle on their armor and tell them to go forth and fight bravely, while many Northern women would beg of their kindred and friends not to go. I did not like the spirit of the Southern women then, but I am now inclined to believe they were not hypocritical and that they did not mean yes, when they said no, or no when they said yes; and now if they will be as sincere in their efforts to build up fraternal sentiments amongst all the citizens of our States, I will forgive all that is past. Twenty-one years ago I did not expect to live to see this happy day; I did not expect to see former foes thus meeting and greeting each other as brothers and friends so soon, but this is the day I have earnestly desired to see. Now, brothers of Virginia, let us not look backward but forward: and if by chance when we speak of valor and bravery in that great contest which is now over forever let us remember that it was all American valor. I have now no desire except the best good for all our States and all our people. Comrades of the blue and the gray, ladies and gentlemen, witnessing this unity of senti-

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ment and believing in its sincerity, I feel like saying with good old Simeon of old, "now let thy servant depart in peace."

General Grout's Speech.

General Grout of the Fifteenth Vermont Volunteers, spoke as follows:

Vermont has her camp-fire to-night, and every Vermonter not excused by surgeons' certificates of disability, is expected to do his duty. I am sorry that I am not in full fighting trim. I am ashamed to be compelled to own that I am not proving in every way equal to this campaign in the Shenandoah, especially the watermelon side of it. I had to fall out this morning, when you started on your march of seventy-five miles to Harrisonburg to witness that contest between the blue and the gray, now, as frequently twenty years ago, for the possession of a piece of artillery. Not now, however, as then, in bloody strife, but in friendly rivalry in which both fired at the same target and only to see whose eye had the least grown dim. You know the stomach is supposed to have a great deal to do with both our thought and feeling. Napoleon is said to have lost a battle one day from having partaken too freely of a shoulder of mutton, stuffed with raisins — his favorite dish. If too much is sometimes bad, so is too little. To-day I have been living on iced tea, so you cannot expect anything very warm from me.

Vermont makes this camp-fire to-night out of material from our own State, aided by such fuel as we may be able to gather from the ex-Confederate soldiers present. I am told that the rivalry between our New England States in obtaining the assistance of these gentlemen for their particular nights has been great. But as in every scrimmage with any kind of fair notice, Vermont is apt to get her share. We have captured Colonel Riley of the First Virginia Cavalry, Captain Nulton of the Stonewall Brigade and Colonel Jones of General Gordon's staff. These gentlemen have kindly consented to help Vermont out to-night. Twenty years ago,

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Vermont would have thought here was material for quite a fire and I expect they will make us see stars to-night;—but now, thank Heaven, only the stars that represent the States upon the old flag.

Vermont is a small State in area, but letting Vermonters tell the story, and you compel us to tell it this evening, she claims a fair share of spunk, and while her people claim to be peaceable citizens, they have never shirked responsibility in time of war. In the war of the Revolution Vermont was not a State, but a beleaguered and hunted people, defending themselves as best they could against the demands of three adjoining States which claimed her territory; but as the combat deepened she struck hands with those States and the rest of the original thirteen, including old Virginia, then in the midst of the struggle for independence, and with them confronted the common enemy. Vermont, conscious that she is few in numbers, but realizing that well-directed leadership of a few is oftener more fruitful of results than the aimless work of many, has always made it a point in the discharge of her duties to the general government, both military and civil, if possible, to find and put herself in the right place at the right time. Ethan Allen did this when, with only a handful of men, but as you remember, upon very high authority, he demanded and received the surrender of Ticonderoga.

The yeomanry of Vermont put themselves in the right place at the right time when, as Burgoyne reported to the home government, in explanation of the disastrous results of the campaign, the settlers on the New Hampshire grants hung like a gathering storm on his left flank as he marched from Montreal to the Hudson. That storm burst at Bennington and history tells the rest. It was the first streak of light in that struggle in which old Virginia was wading waist-deep in blood.

In the war of 1812, a Vermont regiment found its way across the lake to Plattsburgh just before the battle there. A Vermont governor, more nice than wise, ordered it home on the ground that it was the business of New York to defend herself; but the officers of that regiment sent the gov-

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ernor a polite note telling him they should not go but should stay and take a hand in the fight and they did; and who will say they were not in the right place at the right time. In the late civil struggle how often Vermont soldiers succeeded in striking a telling blow in an opportune time, which was perhaps better told by our comrades of the other New England States. But how can we expect them to brag for us when they have so much bragging to do for themselves? Our ex-Confederate friends would be competent witnesses upon this point, but how can we expect much help from them, when they know they handed us the hot end of the poker fully one-half the time?

You will perhaps pardon me for reminding you how Vermont found the right place at the right time at Gettysburg, when a Vermont colonel asked leave of his commanding officer, to change front forward on first company and take upon the flank that column of Virginia braves under Pickett, who notwithstanding the staggering blows dealt in front, were moving forward solid as a Grecian phalanx till the Green Mountain boys poured a volley into their flank; when they fell into disorder, and the battle of Gettysburg was won. The place where this gallant and decisive movement was made has not yet been marked, but it cannot be that Vermont will long delay it. On this field of Winchester, where our tents are now pitched, another Vermont colonel, when the day was far spent, thought the right time had come to make a bayonet charge, and clear the field in his front; and in the absence of orders did so on his own responsibility, thus helping to seal the victory of the day. Again at Cedar Creek, when *early* in the morning sounded that frightful reveille that started our boys not out of their boots, but out without their boots, and sent them back, turning upon them as they went their own artillery. You were having things all your own way till at last this same Vermont colonel, selecting the right spot at the right time, halted his regiment, faced about, and there formed a line upon which the broken left wing of the army rested until Sheridan arrived, and put the left wing in order, and then our army went swooping up the Valley after the Confederate columns.

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One of the objects of this visit, and that nearest the hearts of the Vermonters, is to mark these two places, the one at Cedar Creek, and the other on this field where Vermont was able to make herself felt at a critical time. The colonel, soon afterwards, of course, a brigadier-general, who thus distinguished himself and his State, was the kind old gentleman who first addressed you this evening, and you saw from his remarks, as there really is, a warm place in his heart for the people of this whole country, South as well as North. Here let me say to our Virginia friends that this veteran association from New England does not visit these fields and mark these turning points in the tide of battle in any spirit of triumph, but simply out of that curiosity one feels to go back and take a look at a dangerous place through which he may have passed; and that when we are all gone, and the history of that terrible struggle can be fully written, some landmarks of it may still be found.

Now in closing, let me thank the thousands of Virginians who have come up to this Vermont camp. We welcome you as friends, for we feel that you come as friends. We are no longer enemies. In fact, we were never such. We only thought ourselves so — we were always friends. I will agree that for a time we had a very strange way of showing our friendship. When Vermont brushed against you so resolutely at Gettysburg and Cedar Creek, we were only scraping acquaintance with you. We thought we should like you if we knew you better. We thought too much of you to let you go, and hope if we have neither satisfied your judgment nor won your affection, we have at least conquered your respect, for without respect there can be no peace in the family, the neighborhood, or the State. But from respect may spring fellowship, friendship, and every kindred confidence. But the war long since ended, and with the results all are satisfied, except that unhappy class who in time of war want peace, and in time of peace are always for war. The great principles which were settled by the contest have been engrafted upon our constitution, and now not only do these thirty-eight States, confederate in one, keep the starry stations around the western sun, but liberty and equal rights are secured to all

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who wear the human form and come within reach of our laws, and now if this great American people will only manage to hold together, prophet's eye shall not foresee, nor prophet's tongue foretell the future grandeur and glory of this Republic.

But the question of our future greatness and happiness is one wholly within ourselves. The day has passed in which any foreign power on the face of the globe will dare lay its hands upon us. Ask yourselves what chance such power would have with the men of the Union and Confederate armies facing and shooting the same way; our future is assured if we will but maintain the union of these States and the freedom of the citizens, and cultivate the arts and industries and virtues which make for peace.

Lieut.-Gov. Ormsbee was next introduced, and spoke as follows:

Lieut.-Gov. Ormsbee's Speech.

Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen: —

This to me is a novel situation. The experiences of the day have been such as I had not anticipated or previously enjoyed. In our visit to Harrisonburg we have been cordially received by men, who, twenty-one years ago to-day, were our active, earnest, and I may say relentless foes. These veterans of the gray have to-day extended to us a cordial, hearty welcome, giving us a brotherly shake of the hand, and assured us in words not wanting in earnestness and sincerity, that they love the old flag, and rejoice in being protected by it, as citizens of these now United States. These comrades of the gray extend to us every possible assurance of loyalty and love of country. Now, men of New England before me, what can we, or what should we do but to take these brave veterans of the gray at their word? For one, and I believe I speak the sentiments of the veterans of Vermont who wore the blue, I am more than ready to put the past behind me, to look forward only. Our comrades of the gray are our fellow citizens. We should have, and I trust do have, one common purpose, one

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common hope — that the union of our fathers may be preserved, that our flag shall be everywhere recognized as that of a great and justly proud nation. Then let us clasp hands with our once brave foes, and all vie with each other in being true and loyal citizens of our common country. Has not the time come when it is at least unprofitable to weigh carefully the question who was most in fault? The cause they espoused failed, ours succeeded, the Union is preserved. Liberty in its broadest and best sense has been secured by the valor and blood of those who wore the blue. Now let us accept the proffered hands of our comrades who wore the gray, and let us at the same time ask them, one and all, to walk with us, shoulder to shoulder, for all time to come. Veterans who wore the gray, who are a part of this vast assemblage, we thank you for the kindly greeting you have given us. Henceforth let us go forward, hand in hand, under the dear old flag. Is there a person within sound of my voice who is not now glad that not a star in that old banner now so proudly floating above us is missing, and not one with dimmed lustre. [Cheers.]

Col. John D. Mead closed the meeting with some earnest expressions of cordial feeling, hoping that all would be better citizens for this fraternal meeting.

Vermont night was a grand success, and will not soon be forgotten by the Virginians, or by any who were present.

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BATTLE OF THE OPEQUAN.

The scenes of our encampment were hallowed and heroic, and the deeds of war here enacted were majestic and momentous on some of the broadest pages of history ever opened for the record of the noble deeds of a noble race. The entrancing charm of novelty was wanting in this second visit, so soon repeated, to the scenes of conflict and triumph, the area of splendid achievement in life and in death. There could not be so much of curiosity in the excursion of 1885 as there was in that of two years previous. But there was more of genuine interest to him who wished to carefully study the scenes and lessons of the war, and to faithfully compare the condition of things in 1864, as he remembered it, and the condition in 1885 as he saw it in peace and natural development. In the war era the better side of the South could not be discerned, only its war aspects and most salient features could be noted. A battle-field, instinct with war and fitted for carnage, is in startling contrast with the same area divided into quiet fields, smiling with magnificent grain and corn. Yet to us it is essentially a battle-field, and must always remain so. Our imagination restores the mighty array—the men, the batteries, the splendid lines of battle, the terrific sweep of cavalry, the majestic presence of famous leaders, the advance and retreat, the charge, the lull, the manœuvre, the sacred emblems of country and liberty for which men more than dare to die, the irresistible final onslaught, the rout, the pæan of triumph—all this comes to the veteran as he turns out of his tent on the morning of September 19th, 1885, twenty-one years after he fought and very likely bled on these historic acres. The celebration of this anniversary by the excursionists was on a scale entirely eclipsing that of the previous excursion. In fact, there were four distinct celebrations of the day, each of which was sufficient in itself to properly dignify the occasion, and each entirely different from all the others. When the excur-

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sion was planned, it was contemplated to present a very attractive programme for the 19th of September, but the actual celebration so entirely surpassed the first conception that no proper pains were taken to preserve a full record of the exercises. There were two celebrations in the forenoon, one in the afternoon, and one in the evening. Early in the morning all of the Vermont contingent, most of the New Hampshire delegation, including Colonel Wright, the president of the association, Captain Hadley and ladies in carriages, together with a goodly company of citizens, were seen traversing the battle-field to a spot near the house now occupied by Mr. J. W. Jarrett, and very near the ground of the encampment of 1883. The object of this peaceful battle pilgrimage is revealed in the following chapter.

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THE EIGHTH VERMONT.

Dedication of its Monument on the Field of the Opequan.

One of the leading features in the celebration of the 19th of September, was the dedication of the monument of the Eighth Vermont Volunteers. The Vermonters here, as on all occasions during the excursion, made a splendid showing. The following report of the dedication has been furnished to the compiler of this volume by Col. Fred. E. Smith:

The monument was the gift of Col. Herbert E. Hill, who served in the Eighth Vermont. Colonel Hill, a true Vermonter, although residing now in Massachusetts, still holds dear the reputation of his native State, and especially cherishes the reputation of his old regiment, which did such valiant service in the war of the rebellion. He was an active participant in the battles in the Valley, and desiring to mark the spot where the Eighth Vermont and Twelfth Connecticut made the charge on the 19th of September, 1864, he ordered this monument for a landmark for future visitors, and to perpetuate the history of the engagement. The monument stands upon the ground where the charge terminated which broke the rebel centre. It is a shaft and base of beautiful Vermont marble, some ten or twelve feet in height, placed upon a solid brick foundation. It is on high ground and easily seen from Winchester. The inscription on the base of the monument is as follows: "*Honor the brave! This monument is erected by the Eighth Vermont Regiment as a memorial to those who fell in the charge made here September* 19*th*, 1864. *This monument is the gift of Comrade Herbert E. Hill.*" It was appropriate to dedicate this on the anniversary of the battle, and on Saturday morning the members of the Shenandoah excursion party, citizens and ex-Confederates, went out to participate in the dedicatory exercises. Colonel Hill was

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detained by illness at his home in Boston, and the address which he had prepared was read by Col. John B. Mead. It was as follows:

Colonel Hill's Address.

Veterans of the armies of Grant and Lee:

This is a memorable occasion. The surviving members — officers and men — of the Eighth Vermont Volunteers are assembled to dedicate a monument to mark the ground covered by that regiment in its famous bayonet charge made twenty-one years ago this very afternoon. We have as witnesses during this service not only many brave sons of Vermont and sister States who fought in the Union army, but also war-worn veterans who served in the Confederate army. We are on historic and sacred ground, for on and near this spot the veterans of Sigel, Banks, Crook and Sheridan of the Federal armies, and Early, Ramseur, Gordon, and Stonewall Jackson of the Confederate armies have struggled at one time or another in fearful and bloody encounters from the first to the last of the civil war. The Eighth Vermont, in erecting this monument, knows to-day no North, no South. This shaft speaks for American valor, and such valor is public property and belongs to the nation; and while the heroic action of a Vermont regiment is designated, the Confederate veteran may proudly point to this very spot as proving his own bravery and heroism in contending in a hand-to-hand conflict, an American himself, with an American.

It was on September 19th, 1864, and the hosts of Early and Sheridan were locked in battle's embrace. The Confederates had repulsed and by gallant counter-charges driven back the Federals, and the result hung trembling in the balance, when Gen. Stephen Thomas, as brave an officer as ever buckled sword, on his own responsibility during this crisis ordered the bayonet charge referred to, and rode himself with drawn sword in front of the line of steel bayonets, recovering more than the lost ground, and holding the same till the close of the battle. This charge proved to be the turning point of the

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battle; but not for victory or defeat, but rather to commemorate the lofty heroism of the regiment, and to mark the pathway of desperate fighting where noble men gave up their lives is this monument erected; and with equal propriety should the Confederate veterans mark the locality of gallant charges by their own troops.

As at Gettysburg, so here (where eleven battles were fought during the war), where fighting raged fiercely, ought memorials to be erected, that the residents of this beautiful valley as well as the visitor from abroad, may have no difficulty in locating the position of regiment or brigade which took part in the far-famed contests in and around this historic city. And now, through you, General Stephen Thomas, President, I present this monument to the association of the Eighth Vermont Volunteers. May it ever stand in its purity before the generous citizens of the Shenandoah Valley a pleasant reminder of the fraternal and happy greetings of veterans who fought during the war as only Americans could fight, but who, when the war was over, shook hands as cordially as they had fought fiercely.

This monument was cut from the Green Mountains of Vermont and chiselled at the extensive works of one of Vermont's governors, Col. Redfield Proctor, who commanded a Vermont regiment during the war. As it left a scene of busy life and prosperity, so may it bring to the sacred soil of Virginia nothing but good will and prosperity, a memorial of everlasting friendship and a reunited country.

Gen. Stephen Thomas, the old colonel of the Eighth Vermont, accepted the monument in behalf of the regiment, in the following words:

General Thomas's Response.

Sir: When I contemplate the youthful patriotism that led the gentleman you represent, Colonel Hill, to enlist into the United States service when less than sixteen years of age: when I remember what a good and faithful soldier he was to

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the close of that great contest; how he has travelled over the various battle-fields of this, our common country, since the war, and, like a Christian, has gathered the remains of fallen heroes found upon those fields and deposited them in National cemeteries; how true he is and has been to the constitution and flag of our Union and the great brotherhood of man; and how, by industry and integrity he has risen from the poor American soldier boy to be the American citizen of affluence; — and now in looking upon this marble gift to the old regiment which he loved so well, I feel in accepting it, as I now do, in behalf of the Eighth Vermont Regiment, that I am unable to find words to suitably thank him. But if he were here to-day, I would say to him: "Sir, by these noble deeds you will leave a rich legacy to your kindred and to mankind, who will remember you with gratitude when you shall have joined our braves of the blue and the gray upon the other side of the river, where wars and their horrors shall never arise — where sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

Turning then to Lieut.-Gov. Ormsbee, of Vermont, General THOMAS said:

Governor Ormsbee, Sir:

In behalf of the Eighth Vermont Regiment, not only of the living, but in memory of those who fell upon this historic field twenty-one years ago this day, and in gratitude for the peace and good will which now prevails between Vermonters and Virginians, I commit this marble monument, taken from our mountain home, to your care as the executive and representative of the Green Mountain State, in the presence of this vast assemblage of the blue and the gray, and of Him at whose birth the "angels sang peace on earth, good will to man," with the request that you ask our generous brethren of Virginia, in consideration of the patriotic, fraternal and loyal spirit in which the donor, Colonel Hill, gives this marble, that they will accept its care in the spirit in which it is presented; that it may stand as a token, like a "bow in the firmament," that this fair land shall never again be deluged in fraternal

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blood, and that not only Vermonters and Virginians, but also the citizens of all our States shall live in peace down the long vista of coming centuries, until after this marble shall have crumbled into dust. In this request and in this spirit I feel that I but speak the sentiments of the regiment, who propose ever to "keep step to the music of the Union;" and I trust you will say they are the sentiments of the freemen of Vermont."

Governor Ormsbee accepted the monument in behalf of the State, as follows:

General Thomas, Sir:

Standing here on historic ground in the presence of loyal American citizens, and in the presence of an assemblage of people who know no North, no South, no East, no West, and who only know that they are citizens of a great and justly proud nation, whose territory is boundless as is their admiration for it, as the official representative of the State of Vermont, and in her name, I cheerfully perform the duty devolving upon me. How gratifying and fitting that under Providence you should be spared to participate in these ceremonies. How fitting and proper that to you should have fallen the duty of receiving this priceless gift from the hand of our brave and generous friend. I am impressed with my inability to express fittingly and in appropriate words the obligations of the State of Vermont, and the gratitude of her people to Colonel Hill, for the patriotic and generous gift he has committed to your hands and by you passed over to the State to be dedicated in memory to the patriotism of her soldier sons who so nobly died upon this field twenty-one years ago to-day. This generosity on the part of Colonel Hill deserves, and I trust will have, further public recognition and acknowledgment at the hands of the State. I am moved to say in the name of a grateful State to you, and Colonel Hill, and to each and all of your comrades who took part in the event commemorated, this monument is erected and dedicated to the memory and in honor of the living participants as well as to

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your dead comrades. To you and them this fact is of more concern and significance, and has much greater potency and meaning than any words of mine, even could I fittingly express the deep and lasting gratitude of our Commonwealth. This monument, sir, is the voice of the State to you and your comrades. If the State did not furnish the tablet, she accepts and adopts it, and by and through it bears testimony, and makes grateful acknowledgment of the valor of her sons engaged in the event it commemorates.

Governor Ormsbee then addressed the representative of the Mayor of Winchester, Capt. John W. Nulton, who was a brave Confederate officer, and asked that the care of the monument should be assumed by him in behalf of the veterans of the Confederate Army and the citizens of Virginia, and closed in these words: "Sir, allow me to express our deep sense of the thankfulness to your citizens and to yourself for the kindness and hospitality you have lavished upon us during our stay in your midst. It will be a pleasant recollection to carry back to our homes. I now, sir, leave this monument in the keeping of the sons and daughters of Virginia, trusting it will stand here as a bond of unending peace, confidence and love; and in conclusion let me express the wish and hope in behalf of the State of Vermont, and also in behalf of all our soldier sons living and dead, that the sons of Virginia who wore the gray, will receive and consider this monument in the same spirit with which they have received and considered us who have placed it upon their soil, and we entertain not a doubt but that as to this, their magnanimity will be equaled only by their valor and bravery in battle, and with this we will be thrice content."

Captain Nulton, in behalf of Mayor Williams, of Winchester, who was necessarily absent, by reason of illness, pledged in the name of the Confederates, that the monument should stand as safely as among the hills of Vermont, and he declared that they would guard this shaft sacredly, and would never allow a single letter to be effaced on its pure white surface. "Rather," said he, "than allow it to be removed, we would wish that it might be extended to the clouds, and that angels

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of peace might hover around its summit, symbolical of the union of friends now so firmly established between all sections in our land." Col. George N. Carpenter, of Boston, was then introduced, and gave the following dedicatory poem: —

Prelude.

My Muse, ere she attempts to sing
Of noble deeds, pauses to bring
A garland for the brow of one
Who, in the ways of peace, hath won
True honors from his fellow men,
As worthily bestowed as when,
Girding his sword in Army days,
He fronted death and conquered praise.
In his warm patriot embrace
Each brother comrade has a place;
Here let the name be cherished ever
Of Colonel Hill, the generous giver.

Poem.

When Clio wrote on history's page
The deeds of men in classic age,
She wrought in most enduring art,
The scenes where valor played its part.
'T is not where peace in rosy bowers,
Sleeps idly through the tranquil hours,
That glory's fiery beacons rise,
The hero to immortalize;
But eager millions stoop to read
The plaudits of each noble deed
When tragic pens are dipped in red,
To write of wars and patriot dead.
The quiet feet of modest worth
Adorn the rugged paths of earth;
But Fame's loud chariot o'er the plain
Rolls a Cæsar or a Charlemagne.
The land-locked waters softly chime;
Mid-ocean thunders are sublime;
June's languid breath can never play
The storm-pipe of a winter day.
'T is thus great battles seem to be
The mountain peaks of history,
From whose bold summits is defined
The way of progress for mankind.
Again upon the field we rest,
Where battle o'er the sloping crest
Did rage; and now before us rise,
Like a mirage in western skies
Reflecting in the mental air
The picture of the battle's glare;
When cannon spoke with heated breath,
Their Sinai decalogue of death;
When rifles dropped their hail of lead,
Strewing the earth with maimed and dead,
The sloping hillsides and the wood,
Drank up the flow of throbbing blood
From wounds of heroes left to die,
While serried columns hurried by.
No teeth of dragons o'er this field
Were sown, that sprouting they might yield
A harvest host of warriors brave
To fight, their native land to save;
But brothers of one household rose
In deadly strife, as mortal foes.
No oracle from Delphi spoke,
Before the sleeping camp awoke,
To prophesy the victor's name
To be immortalized by Fame,
At Winchester that autumn day
Just one-and-twenty years away;
But in the heart of every man
Led by Early or Sheridan,
Convictions came which all did feel,
Each had a foeman worth his steel.
And when the voices of the night
Rose, at the fading of the light,
They sang of valor's noble cost
In the drear requiem of the lost.
Then o'er the field an angel white
Hovered, or seemed to waft in sight,
To land brave men on either side,
The children of the nation's pride.
Ah! not alone on Grecian plain
Shall chiselled marble crown the slain,
Nor in the sculptured Parthenon,
Shall sculptures speak of victories won;
But here 'neath southern skies we raise
This marble record of the days
Heroic. Let it also tell

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The story that in hearts doth dwell,
Of hate appeased, of wrath deplored,
Fraternal joy and love restored;
A Union surer, since the hands
Of brothers tied its silken bands,
Cut from the everlasting hills
Of old Vermont, whose playful rills
Sing, as they murmur toward the sea,
A pastoral song of liberty.
Let this marble be here to-day
A greeting, to Virginia —
Whose noble history hath been
The admiration of all men:
A pledge, as coming years increase,
Of kinship and enduring peace.
So let its quiet lesson teach,
That patriot hands would heavenward reach,
To pluck a boon for all the brave
Who fought, their liberties to save.
No more in malice, or in strife,
Shall human hearts pulsate with life
As here we breathe the southern air
Once more, upon these fields so fair;
Not ours the hostile hand to raise,
Or voice to speak, except in praise,
Nor where the sunshine seeks to play
Shall angry clouds obscure the day.
We rear this stone to comrades slain,
Whose memory and deeds remain
The monuments of better things
Than war's victorious music sings, —
A landmark in the history
Of an unbroken peace to be.
Around this sentinel of stone
We sing the greatest vict'ry won.
Now Gray and Blue here pledge anew
The fealty of brothers true.
And as in olden time a shrine
Did stimulate desires divine:
In after time, this shaft shall be
Inspirer of true loyalty.
For spanning all the arch of sky
One bow of promise hangs on high,
O'er North and South. 'T is come to stay,
The herald of a happier day,
Whose golden hours, from sun to sun,
Bear witness of new life begun.
Oh, gallant wearers of the Gray,
To your kind custody to-day,
Commit we now this sacred urn.
As beacon fires of sunrise burn
To guide the earth from darkling gloom
And in fresh beauty make it bloom,
So from this place shall honor rise,
To lead mankind 'neath fairer skies,
And light the beacon of the free,
A loyal, Christian chivalry.

After the poem, Col. John B. Mead gave a very interesting account of the charge made at the Battle of Winchester by the Eighth Vermont, pointing out the different positions which were held during the morning, which were easily seen from the high point of ground where the monument stands. His vivid description was deeply interesting to all present. Capt. F. H. Buffum, of the Fourteenth New Hampshire Regiment, closed the speaking with a short but eloquent address, which thrilled the hearts of all who heard it, and was the theme of praise throughout the camp. The following is an inadequate abstract of

Captain Buffum's Address.

There are historic episodes whose magnificent proportions can be seen only from some high vantage ground. Rising from the long levels of human history we find here and there

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such happy eminences. The colossal events identified with the progress of mankind must be contemplated from a distance in order that their splendid proportions and sublime relations may be adequately appreciated. We stand on *vantage ground* in this hour. From the distance of more than two decades we gaze upon the heroic spectacle whose vigor and moment spoke the word for this monument to rise. The courage, the manhood of the Union soldier is here peculiarly commemorated, and it is fitting that I should here add my testimony. Not a member of the Eighth Vermont, I yet enjoyed the distinction of participating with you in this charge, and of observing your signal bravery. On this very spot that remarkable charge culminated, and I feel honored in having been selected to identify the spot and locate the monument. On this field the sturdy attributes of Vermont's nobility shone forth conspicuous and triumphant. Colonel Hill, the generous donor of this shaft, has added new lustre to your renown by this fitting tribute to your excellent achievements.

Colonel Thomas, I now grasp your hand on the very ground where, twenty-one years ago to-day, you grasped mine and gave me the coveted benediction of a brave commander. Valiant and honored soldier, I was proud of your notice and commendation years ago, in that hour of rising victory; I am unspeakably happy in the broader favor of your friendship in this hour of sacred commemoration. We followed you then, and we cannot believe that the leadership of such men can ever terminate. Wherever noble deeds are yet to be done, wherever vital principles are trembling in the balance, there such as you will *lead*, through all the ages; nor will you lack for faithful followers to swell your victorious columns.

The whole assemblage then sang two stanzas of "America," led by Mr. James L. Johnson, of Springfield, after which Rev. J. E. Wight, of Montpelier, pronounced the benediction, and the memorial to the sons of Vermont was left to the chivalric care and custody of the sons of Virginia.

The different regiments had been invited to mark the battlefield so as to indicate positions occupied during the course of

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the battle. Among those which complied with the suggestion were the Fourteenth New Hampshire and Twenty-sixth Massachusetts. The white and blue flags of the Fourteenth fluttered from one end to the other of the famous field, indicating the position held by the Granite State boys each hour throughout the battle. These flags were posted on the bloodiest points of the field. A large proportion of the party traversed the entire battle-field during the course of the anniversary day. The wife of one of the veterans, who was only nine years old when her husband was in the shock of strife on this field, rode with him from the point where the battle begun to the breastworks from which the Johnnies were whirled at sundown. This was an experience full of wonderful suggestions.

Exercises in Camp.

The formal exercises in Camp Russell on the 19th of September were held in the latter part of the forenoon, and were superintended by Col. Carroll D. Wright, the president of the association and commander of the camp. Prayer was offered by Chaplain Whittemore. The oration was delivered by Hon. C. C. Coffin. The following are extracts from Mr. Coffin's oration:

Veterans of two Armies: —

Twenty-one years ago at this hour you stood face to face in mortal combat upon this historic field. To-day you meet as citizens of a common country, as brothers — veterans who wore the gray extending warm-hearted, generous hospitality to those who wore the blue. Search all human records, and you will find no counterpart to the experience of this hour. Only in nature, when the fire has swept away the growth of centuries, when the bright sun looks down upon smiling flowers blooming in their enchanting beauty, do we find a fitting prototype. The war between the northern and southern sections of this country was one of the great conflicts of history. It was a conflict of ideas and institutions. We are far enough removed from the heat and passion of the hour to

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calmly and in a measure dispassionately discuss the causes which brought about the inevitable appeal to arms. I say inevitable. Those who believe that the war might have been averted by arbitrament, compromises and peace measures by Congress or convention, have not, as it seems to me, duly considered the first beginnings — the far-off springs of action — the rivulets which make the mighty river. The political and moral causes and influences are various, remote in time and distance.

Tracing one rivulet to its fountain head, we are led back to that day when Henry VIII ordered that a Bible should be placed in every parish church in England, that the common people might read it in the English tongue. From reading it came a higher comprehension of the dignity and worth of man — that every human being had natural and inalienable rights which the king was bound to respect. Then came a movement for a new religion — for a reform in morals — a protest against bull and cock fighting on Sunday. Men who turned from such sports were derisively called *puritans* by the rollicking nobility who found no pleasure in attending church or hearing a sermon. They loved law and order. It was the beginning of government by the people. They were poor. They were accustomed to labor. They regarded it as not only a necessity, but a duty, a privilege, a blessing. In town meeting they discussed all questions affecting the welfare of the community — thus establishing town government, the government of the whole people. Until that hour all the world had taken it for granted that some individual was born — was divinely appointed to govern. They repudiated the idea, lifted the individual man to a lofty plane, making him responsible to his fellow-men and to God, the sovereign of all.

In contrast, Governor Berkeley of Virginia, in 1665, when nearly a half century had passed from the founding of Jamestown, could say: "I thank God that there are no free schools or printing in Virginia, and hope there will not be these hundred years." Governor Berkeley, ruling by royal favor, had nothing in common with the people. It was his tyranny

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which brought about the Rebellion of 1676, the first flaming up of the fires of freedom in the western world.

Why was it that the waters of the Merrimack and the Androscoggin instead of the James and Potomac were set to turning mill wheels? Why were the streams of New England employed in earning money while those of the South were permitted to run idly to the sea? There is but one answer. It was the difference in the condition of labor. In the South labor was regarded as degrading. Slavery made it so. In the North there was dignity in labor. There was character and independence. From the outset the great planters of South Carolina had no great liking to our form of government. They were aristocratic. It was a natural sequence of society, based wholly on slave labor. Between the planters and the poor white people of that State, there was nothing in common. Social distinctions were sharply drawn. The great planters, made rich through the labor of their slaves, endowed with political power by the compromise of the constitution which permitted them to import slaves from Africa for twenty years, which recognized three slaves as equal to two white men in the election of representatives, took control of the government. Not till the breaking out of the war of 1812 did the people of the country comprehend the meaning of the Republic — that the Republic was a nation. Not till the frigate *Constitution*, after having sent the *Guerriere* to the bottom of the sea, sailed into Boston Harbor August 20th, 1812, was there any particular manifestation of national feeling.

Between 1830 and 1860, 7,000,000 emigrants crossed the sea. Where did they find their homes? The lands of the South are as fair and sunny as those of the west, but no emigrant selected his home in a slave-holding State, with the single exception of Missouri. They were laborers. With an instinct as true as that of the bee laden with sweets returning to its hive, he selected his future where there were free schools, free speech, free action, free labor, free men, transferring the preponderance of political power and economic force to the great west.

I need not dwell upon the repeal of the Missouri compro-

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mise, — the Kansas-Nebraska struggle, the fugitive slave law, the breaking up of political parties, they were but incidents in the great conflict between the two systems of labor. The North became industrial, employing all the mechanic arts to add to her wealth and power, the South becoming wholly agricultural, enthroning cotton as king; for the skilled laborer the Southern States had no employment. Not till commerce with the Northern States ceased, by the breaking out of the war, not till the Union naval vessels closed the southern ports, shutting up King Cotton in his own domicile and depriving him of all that he had been accustomed to receive from other lands, did it dawn upon him that behind the bayonets of the men in blue were the mighty, economic forces of the 19th century, which had set up foundries and forges by the oil deposits and coal beds of Pennsylvania, illumining the midnight sky, which had set the Merrimack and Androscoggin to work for the thrift and welfare of the human race, which had constructed every locomotive, every steam engine, loom and shuttle in the South, which had made boots, shoes, plows, axes, every implement of husbandry — not till the war department of the Confederacy called for muskets, swords, cannon, engines and the machinery of war, was there any realization on the part of the Confederate leaders of the truth that all the economic forces were on the side of the North. When the Massachusetts Eighth Regiment reached Annapolis, April, 1861, on its way to Washington, and General Butler asked if there were any soldiers in the ranks who could assist in putting a locomotive in order which the secessionists had disabled, eighteen men stepped from the ranks. "I can do it, for I helped make this engine, there is my private mark," was the reply of a private.

"Which will win?" was the question put by an English nobleman to Baron Rothschild in London, 1861."

"The North!"

"Why do you think so."

"Because she has not only the most men, but the most money, and the skilled labor."

A million men left the plow and the work-shop to take

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part in the conflict. Inventive genius, taught in the common school, more than supplied their deficiency by creating machines to do the work of human hands, and on that morning at Appomattox, when the Confederacy gave up the struggle, instead of exhaustion, the North was stronger than at any period during the war. Free labor, untrammelled for the first time in the history of the world, had exhibited its mighty power, its dignity and majesty. Then and there the United States became the great teacher and leader of the wondering nations, and the old flag the emblem of the world's best hope.

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WINCHESTER'S RECEPTION.

One o'clock was the hour named for the reception to be given by the officers and citizens of Winchester to the excursionists. The delightful occasion two years before was remembered, and it was whispered about through the camp that nothing so elegant could be expected on the present occasion. It is noticeable that no such opinion was expressed afterward. Line was formed in camp, and escorted by the ever attentive Light Infantry, and headed by the encampment band the procession moved into the city, the visitors being greeted by crowds of people on either hand. The line of march was to the Court House, and when the head of the procession reached the Square, the city wore one of its most interesting and liveliest aspects. Between double lines of the militia and to the enlivening cadence of martial music, the visitors filed into the reception hall. It was a most gratifying spectacle. The hall was full of long and richly laden tables, which were spread in the most attractive and tempting fashion. It was universally conceded that the Winchester people had outdone themselves, and that the banquet of 1885 was even finer than that of 1883. The oratorical portion of the programme partially preceded the feasting, but in advance of all, Photographer French did his best to immortalize the scene, and individuals in it did their best to get perpetuated on the negative. Mr. French was suave and spry, and the audience once seated, the greetings began.

Mayor Williams's Welcome.

The mayor of Winchester was a favorite with the visiting association. In a presentation to the excursion manager, two years before, he had said the parting word, and sent the party out of the Valley with one of the most felicitous speeches of the tour. On this occasion his happy words of welcome were

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received with frequent and hearty applause. In eloquent terms he referred to the former visit and its excellent effects, and he intimated that each side — as the old lines were drawn — had captured the other, and that on such a festive occasion it did not much matter which side was held as prisoners of war. The mayor, in emphatic phrases, welcomed the party to the hearts, the homes, the hospitalities of Winchester, and bespoke for all who had once been antagonists the same good understanding and fellowship as now characterized the meeting of the Blue and the Gray. The entire speech of Mayor Williams was in the best vein, and sounded the sweet note of harmony for all true Americans. The President of Sheridan's Veterans Association responded in his usual graceful and fitting manner.

Colonel Wright's Response.

Mr. Mayor, gentlemen of the city government, and fellow-soldiers of Virginia:

It is a great pleasure, on behalf of the Sheridan's Veterans Association and its friends, to accept the cordial greeting you have extended to us. Two years ago we were overwhelmed with your kindness. We came here on the nineteenth anniversary of the great battle fought in your suburbs. We had not yet attained to the twenty-one years since those events to enable us to speak as men. We now come with twenty-one years behind us; we have attained our majority. It is good law everywhere that the acts of one's minority, if ratified on his attaining his majority, shall have all the force of acts originally done in his majority. We therefore come to you now, and, as men who have the right to speak, ratify the sentiments we expressed to you two years ago. The kindness of yourself, of your honored predecessor, Judge Clark, who so grandly stood where you now stand, and uttered sentiments which stirred us all, of your citizens, who so generously entertained us, of the veteran Confederate soldiers, who so nobly met us — all this kindness was cemented, and firmly, too, when we knelt around your beautiful monument erected to the unknown

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Confederate dead, and there paid the honor due to valiant soldiers. The stirring scenes of two years ago have formed a story often repeated by us in the camp-fires of the North, and the applause and the tears of our auditors, as they have listened to the story of the magnificent generosity of the South, have given an emphatic blessing to all those scenes. Your own eloquence, and that of your associates, at the various gatherings held during our first visit in this beautiful valley, still holds a place with us. We hear the words now, and this repetition of those scenes is sweet; indeed, we cannot use language that can adequately express our own feelings. You have allied us to you; we hope that you are allied to us. You conquered us two years ago; we surrendered to you, and we are yours again. Will you not give us the opportunity, on some future occasion, when you and your comrades shall come North, to claim you as our prisoners, and extend to you the hospitalities which are not only your due, but which will come, I assure you, from the most grateful hearts. Accept again our cordial acceptance of your generous welcome.

The speech of Colonel Wright was loudly cheered by the old Confederate veterans present. Justice Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court, was on the platform, and was presented to the audience, and spoke briefly, emphasizing the benefit and pleasure of such a meeting. Colonel Jones, of the Confederate General Gordon's staff, made a stirring speech of welcome, which roused general enthusiasm. Gen. Stephen Thomas was introduced, and he made one of his best speeches. Music was furnished by two bands, and the feasting went on. It was a delightful occasion, and the unanimous comment was that Winchester had opened a broader door of welcome, had signified a heartier fellowship, than could have been possibly anticipated.

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NEW HAMPSHIRE NIGHT.

The Grand Climax of Display and Enthusiasm.

Saturday night was cared for by the Granite State Veterans, and it was well cared for, too. The camp-fire of the Fourteenth Regiment in 1883 on this field entirely surpassed those of the other organizations, and there was naturally a desire to maintain the prestige acquired. We will right here concede to the Massachusetts vets. the superiority in pyrotechnic display, but in no other respect will the New Hampshire boys yield the palm. It was a remarkable occasion, this Saturday night, September 19th, 1885. The camp was in full gala dress, all ready for dress parade, review, or even inspection, by the most critical martinet. The tents put on their finest decorations, and the illumination was magnificent. "It took a pile of candles," and Masten & Wells painted the entire landscape a very vivid hue. The display of Masten & Wells was extensive and beautiful in design and elaboration. In addition to rockets, candles, bombs, mines, and a score of wonderful devices, the gentlemen named contributed to the fame of the Granite hills by presenting two magnificent set pieces, one a 19th army corps badge, with the figures "14" in the centre, the whole surrounded by a beautiful colored bordering. The other and more elaborate piece was a remarkably happy design. It represented a Union and a Confederate soldier facing each other with clasped hands. At their feet were implements of war, cannon balls, shells, etc., while above their heads was a magnificent wreath of fire in patriotic colors. Over the heads of the representative warriors, and just beneath the arched wreath, appeared the word "Fraternity." It is needless to remark that this pyrotechnic display aroused the greatest enthusiasm.

Was there anybody there to see it? They began to arrive as soon as four o'clock, and many women came ten and fifteen miles to attend this camp-fire. There were more than eight thousand people in Camp Russell that night. A good many

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of the party set the number as high as twelve thousand, or at least, ten thousand. The illumination and pyrotechnic display were mere accessories to the main programme of the evening as carried out on the camp rostrum. The spectacle on the rostrum, and from it as well, was brilliant and inspiring. On the platform were gathered conspicuous and eminent veterans of both armies, and as they stood there in the blaze of light, they were objects of much interest to the vast concourse of people. The platform was crowded with those who were invited to participate in the exercises. Capt. F. H. Buffum presided, and after brief opening remarks, in which he referred to the New Hampshire camp-fire of two years ago, and to the splendid success of the present encampment, he proceeded with the programme.

The first incident in the exercises was the presentation of the Hill Trophy to the Gray team, which had won it the day previous. This trophy was presented by Col. Herbert E. Hill, and it consists of a perfect small cannon of solid silver, the barrel being plated with gold. Every part of the gun, carriage, appurtenances, etc., is perfect and complete, while a shield of silver, leaning against the carriage, contains the inscription. This unique piece of artillery stands on a mound of silver imitative of earth, and the gun is unlimbered, ready for action. This trophy is one of the most perfect miniature pieces of artillery ever constructed, and the artistic perfection of the design, as well as the mechanical construction, elicited universal admiration. There was an exquisite taste in this selection of an emblematic trophy by Colonel Hill, and nothing more appropriate could have been imagined.

Colonel Wellington, Chief of Rifle Practice, was selected to present the trophy, but while this model militia officer would not quail before ten thousand men with weapons menancing him, he did quail before this ten thousand, waiting to hear his silvery tongue transfer this silver gun, so that in sheer modesty, he declined to deliver the cannon or a presentation speech. The trophy was borne to the rostrum, raised aloft where all could see it, and it was greeted with cheers from the assembled thousands. Colonel Wright, the commander of the

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camp, himself a most remarkable marksman, whose skill with the rifle has never been fully appreciated, stepped into the gap, and he grasped that lanyard with the grip of a mighty metaphor. Some things that he didn't say were the best parts of his speech. His mind reverted to a rebel joke then just coming to its majority — precisely twenty-one years old. He wanted to repeat that joke, but his courage failed him. He however desires that it shall appear in the authorized report of his inimitable presentation speech. It wasn't at all necessary for him to rehearse the incident as everybody thought of it — how some wag in Richmond chalked on some rebel cannon coming to the Valley in 1864, "*Gen. P. H. Sheridan, care Jubal Early.*" It was about the time that the said Early was turning over a good deal of artillery to "Little Phil." It has been noted that Colonel Wright omitted this joke from his spoken presentation speech, yet his remarks were full of excellent witticisms, and as he had a big opportunity he was equal to it. He had before him Captain Nulton and the members of the Gray team, while around him were the members of the Blue team, who had been so thoroughly "thrashed." Colonel Wright remembered all that was politic, and easily forgot everything else, and he turned over that gun with felicitous phrasing, being careful as he transferred it, not to point it in any particular direction. He did not look the cannon in the mouth — old aversions revive unexpectedly — but he got rid of it tenderly.

Captain Nulton received the gun with the calm smile of the victor who understands that he has got the "dead open and shut" on the spoils of battle. It was not an unconditional surrender, however, for Captain Nulton accepted the trophy in trust, holding it subject to future competitions to decide which team shall be the final possessor. Captain Nulton accepted the trophy in a neat speech, in which he humorously alluded to previous captures of cannon in the same vicinity by both sides, and that now the account was being evened up. As the captain of the Confederate rifle team took the trophy from the hands of Colonel Wright, he received a perfect ovation of applause.

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Mr. Justice Harlan.

The Chairman then announced that the veterans of this excursion and the assembled friends enjoyed to-night a peculiar honor, and this camp-fire has the distinction of the presence of one of the most eminent citizens of the Republic, General Harlan, now one of the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, in Rebellion times a general in the Union army from the State of Kentucky. Judge Harlan met with a reception from the eager multitude that must have been gratifying to any public man. His speech was not long, but was the finest effort of the evening. He dwelt upon the resources of the North and the South as developed by the war; upon the might of *American* prowess as proved by the war; the splendid future in material, intellectual, moral and governmental prosperity, which the war had made possible. The address was both suggestive and inspiring, and it was universally pronounced an oratorical gem, the fittest possible utterance for the occasion.

Another splendid burst of fireworks from the lower end of the campus, a tremendous surging of the vast throng, shouts, cheers, merriment, more music—and again the rostrum became the hub about which all revolved. The next speaker was a gallant young officer in the Fourteenth twenty-one years ago, who fell severely wounded on this field at the head of his company, a veteran, who, with his wife, has come away from Minnesota to join both of these excursions.

Captain Hadley's Speech.

The following is an abstract of Capt. E. D. Hadley's camp-fire address:

We have always respected the wearers of the butternut and the gray, for a soldier likes to look upon a face that blanched not in the midst of most imminent peril; to look into an eye that quailed not when brave men trembled; to grasp a hand that pointed the rifle or wielded the sword

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against the foe; to hear the voice that urged on the onset, hurled defiance at the enemy, or raised the triumphant shout of victory. The magnificent fighting qualities fully displayed on both sides demonstrated one fact, that the American soldier has no superior on earth, and that, united under the old flag that our common ancestors made respected the world over, this nation need fear no foe from abroad.

Our visit to this valley would be a mournful pilgrimage rather than a delightful holiday excursion, did we find it a region barren and desolate, and a people impoverished and distressed, dragging out a pitiful existence, amid the ruins of the homes and fields of proud and prosperous ancestors. The indulgence of sentiments, different from these now expressed would only be consonant with a continuance of a spirit of malignant enmity, such as did not, even in time of war, pervade the nature of the Northern soldier. In the main he was actuated by a high sense of duty, harsh and repulsive as may, many times, have seemed his manner of performing that duty.

And as after many years he returns to revisit the scenes of what were to him the episodes of a romantic period of his life, in his heart is no thought of triumph or of exultation.

Met in 1864 with the music of the cannon's roar, of the howling shell, the shrieking minie, with compact masses of fighting men armed with all the dread "panoply of war," and nerved with a determination to repel the invaders and a courage equal to his own, in 1883 and 1885 he is received with all courtesy and hospitality at the hands of fair ladies and brave men, while charming music touched by skilful hand, with charms of polished oratory and the well-furnished board, unite to bid him welcome. He is mellowed by kindness, like the French soldier St. Pierre, who with five others to save the city from pillage, set apart for execution by their own voluntary act upon the requirement by Edward III of England, of such a number of victims at the surrender of Calais in the fourteenth century, was released at the intercession of Phillippa, Edward's gracious queen. Then cried St. Pierre, "My country! it is now that I tremble for you. Edward only captures our cities: but Phillippa conquers our hearts." He is

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ripe for surrender, for Southern courtesy, kindness and hospitality have conquered his heart.

Let there be a surrender of all hearts to the higher influences. Let there be an immolation of sectional selfishness upon the altar of our common country. Let there be no more use made of the terms "North" and "South" as watchwords summoning to political divisions and contests. May North, South, East and West in all hearts be subordinated to an interest in the development of the prosperity of a nation which must so rule the destiny of a continent that the time may be hastened when the prophetic declaration shall become true which foretold that sometime the proudest declaration of man, at least of this people, should be "I am an American!"

Rev. C. H. Kimball, one of the excursionists, and a genuine *Sharpshooter*, made the closing speech of the evening, a stirring address. Then more fireworks — a brilliant burst of the pyrotechnic art — the great crowd slowly melted away, things were lively in the tents for an hour longer, and then the camp passed into the stillness of its Sabbath rest.

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A SABBATH IN CAMP.

A special committee, of which the chaplain was chairman, had charge of the Sunday programme. One of the churches in the city had been tendered to the committee, and the members of the excursion proceeded to the sanctuary in the morning, where divine service was conducted by the chaplain. It was a memorable occasion. In the terrible war era these Winchester churches had been occupied by the Boys in Blue, but after a very different fashion, and through an entirely different channel of authority. Now the sweet fraternal charities of peace opened the sanctuary doors, and the tramp of veterans was no desecration of sacred shrines.

The demonstration of the afternoon was very impressive, although it was devoid of the novelty and wonderful surprise which characterized the visit to the two cemeteries in 1883. In the middle of the afternoon line was formed, and to the cadence of funereal music the procession moved into the National Cemetery. The principal exercises two years ago were held around the Fourteenth New Hampshire monument. This year the services principally centred in the newly consecrated area, the following account of which is furnished by Comrade George W. Powers:

A Beautiful Service.

A great multitude of the men killed during the war were hastily buried, both by friend and foe, without being recognized. Many of these bodies have since been gathered from field and farm and grove, and decently buried in the national cemeteries. Occasionally even now the plough brings to the surface human bones, with clinging shreds of uniform or buttons, showing that a Union soldier there met his fate. These remains are usually sent to the nearest national cemetery. The bodies of many dead heroes, undisturbed by the hand of

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man, will return to the elements on the historic fields of their fame. But it is very fitting and proper that some memorial stone should bear their names, and the most suitable place for this would seem to be in some national cemetery near the scene of sacrifice, and where perchance their bodies rest under some headstone marked "Unknown." Probably some such train of thought suggested to the mind of Capt. William H. Whitney, of the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts Infantry, as he stood in the National Cemetery at Winchester, during the first visit of the Sheridan's Veterans to the Valley, that it would be well to erect a simple monument in that cemetery, bearing the names of those of his regiment who were known to have fallen in the Valley, but of whose burial no record is known. He broached the subject to those of the regiment present, offering to contribute the proceeds from the sale of some very fine plans of the battle of the Opequan as the nucleus of a fund for the purpose. Col. Austin C. Wellington added to this fund a goodly balance accruing to him upon settling the accounts of the regiment's expenditures on the excursion.

The monument is a plain marble shaft on a base, the whole about four feet high, with a foundation three feet deep. On the front is the following inscription: "Thirty-eighth Massachusetts Volunteers. Our comrades fell in the campaigns of 1864. These lie buried in this Valley in unknown graves. Erected September 19th, 1884. Grover's Division, Third Brigade." On two sides are the names of the eighteen men it commemorates.

It was decided to dedicate the monument on Sunday afternoon. At four o'clock, a large part of the veterans, with their ladies, headed by the Cornet Band of Winchester, marched to the cemetery, and formed a square around the monument. Many citizens of Winchester, including veterans of the Confederate army, were present. Colonel Wright began the services by stating that the comrades from New England had assembled for a double purpose, to assist in dedicating the monument erected by the members of the Thirty-eighth, and to decorate the graves of other soldiers from New England,

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and said he had the pleasure to turn over the services to Comrade George W. Powers of that command.

Comrade Powers, the only member present of the committee appointed to erect the monument, presented it in the following words:

Mr. President, Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen: —

In the summer of 1862, at the call of Gov. John A. Andrew, a thousand young men, organized as the Thirty-eighth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, left their homes to fight for the union of the States. From Maryland to Louisiana, from Louisiana to Virginia, from Virginia to Georgia, from Georgia to North Carolina, they followed the pale flag of the old Bay State, and the Stars and Stripes of the Union. At every new camping-place their tents decreased in number, the responses to the roll-call were less numerous. In the summer of 1865, less than three hundred of that thousand returned to the hands of the great war-governor the flags intrusted to their care. At the last reunion of the Thirty-eighth Regiment Association, a committee was appointed to erect in this cemetery a modest stone, on which should be inscribed the names, eighteen in number, of those who were known to have fallen in this Valley, but whose last resting-place was unknown and unmarked. The idea originated with Capt. William H. Whitney, who contributed the nucleus of the fund raised for the purpose. The committee appointed to carry out the purpose of the Association consisted of Comrades Whitney, Tarbell, and Powers. Captain Drum, superintendent of the National Cemetery at Winchester, kindly consented to oversee its erection, and the work has been satisfactorily performed. Colonel Wellington, in behalf of the committee, I present to you, as president of the Thirty-eighth Regiment Association, this memorial to the devotion and patriotism of our comrades.

Col. Austin C. Wellington, president of the Thirty-Eighth Regimental Association, in brief, well-chosen words, accepted the monument in behalf of the regiment. The following original hymn, written for the occasion by Comrade Powers, was finely rendered by a choir composed of Miss Anna V.

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Shaw, Miss M. Grace Whittemore, Miss Lillie Tyson Joliffe, of Winchester, and Comrades R. S. Ripley and Charles F. Shaw:

THE UNION DEAD IN THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT WINCHESTER.

As peacefully from all their toil
Our fallen comrades rest,
As if their own New England soil
Held them within its breast.

No foreign flag above them waves,
No sound of hostile strain,
At which they murmur in their graves,
"Our blood was shed in vain."

The comrades who beside them stood,
The foes who gave their wounds,
Now reconciled, in friendly mood
Clasp hands above their mounds.

No manly heart will surely grudge
This homage paid the true,
No generous soul will ever judge
These laurels more than due.

O countrymen, who wore the gray!
Not ours alone the fame:
The re-united land to-day
To all her sons lays claim.

Then while you hold in sacred trust
The dead ones dear to you,
Keep guard o'er this fraternal dust,
Our comrades of the blue.

Appropriate selections of Scripture were read by Rev. J. E. Wright, of Montpelier, Vt., who gallantly carried a musket in the ranks of the Union army. Comrade George H. Patch, of the Nineteenth Massachusetts Infantry, had been invited to deliver an address at the dedication of the monument, and responded to the invitation with the following eloquent eulogy:

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Comrades and Friends: —

With hearts full of tender emotion we have assembled to pay a tribute to the men of the Thirty-eighth Regiment, who laid down their lives in the beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah, and to whose memory this stone has been erected by their living comrades. The river bottoms of Louisiana were baptized in their blood, and here under the sun of Virginia, in the heat of the conflict, they gave up their lives for their country. They were not permitted, like their associates, to live to witness the glory of victory and the present peace and prosperity of our nation. When in the din of conflict they fell by the fatal bullet, they did not know, as their eyes closed in death, that victory would perch upon the banners of the Union cause. They did not know but that instead of a reunited and prosperous people the nation would be divided into States discordant, belligerent, and drenched in blood.

But, in obedience to the stern demand of duty, they laid down their lives in defence of the oath they had taken to defend the flag. We do well to honor their memory, and their comrades-in-arms who have placed this simple shaft upon this sacred spot do honor to themselves by so doing. We know there were many sad hearts in the North when the news of their deaths reached the homes their faces were never to see, and whose footsteps were never to cross the threshold; and we know that in many such homes the light was dimmed and the existence saddened for the remainder of life. But we can feel satisfied that the tear of grateful affection will be shed in the households represented by the dead heroes when they shall learn that their graves are remembered, and we to-day are taking their names tenderly upon our lips.

Standing by their last resting-place under this bright September sun, in the calm of this quiet Sabbath, let us take a lesson from their lives that whatsoever we have to do in life, let it be done with as dauntless a spirit as did these men we honor. Let us take a broader and deeper view of this meeting to-day than simply to view it as a solemn and beautiful ceremony. Let it be a lesson that we shall carry with us to

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benefit us in the future. Let it inspire our hearts to learn the lesson of loyalty in fact as well as in name, and in all our actions in life practise that sentiment in thought and purpose. Then will these dead have not died in vain, and those who come after will rise up and call them blessed. May the fires of such loyalty as these heroes manifested burn brighter and brighter upon our altars, shedding its light far down the mighty tide of time, across the river of death, illumining our pathway with the light of peace "that passeth all understanding."

The address was followed by prayer by Hon. B. F. Whittemore, chaplain of the Thirtieth Massachusetts. The comrades of the Thirty-eighth each deposited around the monument a bouquet of flowers presented by the ladies of Winchester; the representatives of the Fourteenth New Hampshire, under the lead of Captain F. H. Buffum, then performed the same touching ceremony, and the dedicatory exercises were over.

The members of the Fourteenth then proceeded to their monument, and the veterans and their wives decorated with choice flowers the monument and every grave of the New Hampshire dead. It was a touching ceremony, and a new and tender loyalty to the memory of the dead was stirred in the breast of every Granite State veteran. It was a strange experience for the wife of a veteran, who was a young girl, too young to understand the war, when her future husband was fighting over this field, to stand with him now in the memories of carnage to assist in honoring the comrades who fell at his side. The wildest dream of the soldier boy, as he faced the foe in the crash and onslaught of that September day, so far back and yet so near, could not include the prospect of another sweet September day more than two decades in the future, standing under the shade of the willows, amid the scent of roses, with his wife and his comrades and their wives, and there on that very field keeping alive and ever green and inspiring the memories of those whose last heroic stroke filled his eye, and whose last groan haunted his ears for years when strife had ceased.

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The Confederate Cemetery.

Again, as two years ago Colonel Wright led his associates to the Confederate Cemetery, and there, around the magnificent shaft to the Confederate dead was performed the simple but sincere and impressive ceremony of respect for brave men who, while they were foes, misguided foes, were still heroic, were still Americans, were ever men to be respected for their manly blows, are ever dead to be remembered for the courage of their dying. This is precisely what this tribute meant, and with all our souls, we Union veterans can join in such a tribute. Prayer was offered, a few glowing, felicitous sentences were spoken by Colonel Wright, flowers were piled upon the monument's base, and silently, with wondrous strange memories filling their minds the veterans returned to camp, querying whether the actual was a dream, or dreams were the realities of their lives.

Sunday night in camp was the one unoccupied, restful evening of the entire trip. It was needed, and was much appreciated. The afternoon and evening were improved by the more vigorous in short drives, little trips outside the town, and in wanderings over the battle-field. Tattoo was welcome, and taps found all in bed, for a busy Monday was on the programme.

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CEDAR CREEK.

On Monday the 21st the excursion to Cedar Creek and Fisher's Hill was made; most of the party went. The start was early and the run made to Fisher's Hill, where the theatre of Sheridan's celebrated flank movement was thoroughly inspected. This battle-field presents one of the most picturesque views to be found in the Valley, and one of the toughest spots to assail, as all can testify who stood in the Union ranks when the order to advance was given. The party much enjoyed the scramble over the hills and bluffs of this formidable position — impregnable to all but that master, Sheridan.

One of the novel episodes of the trip to Cedar Creek was the horseback party which went over the identical ground of "Sheridan's Ride," starting from the very house where Little Phil mounted, on that fateful morning, and continuing over the General's course to the point where he rallied his troops to their magnificent victory. The manager had secured the best horses in the city, and the following gentlemen mounted, faced Photographer French's camera, and then started out as Sheridan's latest cavalry scout: Col. A. C. Wellington, Maj. E. L. Noyes, Capt. J. W. Hervey, Capt. E. D. Hadley, Sergt. R. E. Schouler, Sergt. Lyman Aylesworth, Lieut. F. C. Forbes, Sergt. L. K. Stiles, George Cushman, R. W. Randall, Capt. F. H. Buffum. It was a jolly ride, and some of the valiant knights got left — behind. When the writer reached the famous hotel in Middletown, where some of the hottest of the Cedar Creek fighting took place, only Major Noyes was up to the front with him, and Colonel Wellington, the *avant courier*, was just dismounting quite ready for a rest. The Colonel had the best mount in the entire party. It was a good half hour before some of the remainder came up. Colonel Wellington and Major Noyes rode on down the pike, through Strasburg and to Fisher's Hill. Most of the party

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stopped at Belle Grove mansion, the headquarters of Sheridan while at Cedar Creek, and tarried there until the arrival of the excursion train on its return from Fisher's Hill. The Vermonters had a special work in hand, and they early proceeded with it.

ANOTHER MONUMENT,

Commemorating the Bloody Struggle of the Eighth Vermont.

Again "Old Vermont" comes to the fore. The following graphic account, written by Col. George N. Carpenter, tells the story of heroism, memory and generous patriotism:

For one who "fought with Sheridan" it was a moment long to be remembered when a party of five of us, all officers in the old "Eighth Vermont," started to ride over the road passed over by General Sheridan, when on the morning of the 19th of October, 1864, he rode leisurely out of Winchester on his return to his army at Cedar Creek, hearing, to be sure, the distant boom of artillery, but still feeling perfectly secure, for were not his three corps of tried troops, and his splendid cavalry all at their posts, and could any devices of the enemy trouble that splendid army? But as he rode,

> "Wider still those billows of war
> Thundered along the horizon's bar,
> And louder yet into Winchester rolled
> The roar of that red sea uncontrolled."

And the General, quickly comprehending that this was no skirmish, but that a *battle* was being fought, put spurs to his splendid horse —

> "And then through the flash of the morning light
> A steed as black as the steeds of night,
> Was seen to pass as with eagle flight."

At Kernstown he met the advance guard of the great army of stragglers pouring to the rear with their tale of defeat and woe, and as we draw rein here and look about us, the thought found expression more than once "What splendid courage

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and *pluck* Sheridan displayed on that day. A weaker man would have lost everything, but he *gained* it all." As we passed in quick succession Newton and Middletown and came upon the *field*, how the memories of twenty-one years ago thronged over us. In the near distance the familiar little North Mountain, right in our faces old Massanutten Mountain looms up, and we remember how we used to watch and speculate upon General Early's signal torches as night after night and nearly all night they were waved from this bold summit. Yonder are the heights of Fisher's Hill, where on the 23d of September, 1864, we made a charge as gallant and reckless apparently as any ever recorded, but were saved from great loss by the fact that as we struck their front, Crook's 8th corps struck their flank, and no army can "serve two masters" or fight in two directions. Here was our 19th corps camp — there the 8th and 6th corps. Yonder is Belle Grove plantation, as lovely in situation and appointment now as when twenty-one years ago it was General Sheridan's headquarters. Now it is the property of a most genial Englishman, Mr. J. W. Smellie, who with genuine hospitality opened his grounds and house for our excursion party of some two hundred.

Over across the pike and down those ravines, is from whence came that awful rattle of musketry and that fearful yell as the enemy charged, before light, into the camps of the 8th corps. There we formed our line and here by this tree and in front of it we made our fight. We are to dedicate a monument in memory of that desperate struggle, a gift to the regiment from an esteemed friend and comrade, Col. Herbert E. Hill of Boston. In design it is most appropriate — a massive block of marble, standing on the ground without base or adjunct of any kind, rough on three sides but smoothed on the fourth for the inscription, which is as follows:

"*The 8th Vermont Volunteers.* — Gen. Stephen Thomas, commanding brigade, advanced across the pike on the morning of October 19, 1864; engaged the enemy near and beyond this point and lost before sunrise in killed and wounded 110 men. Three color bearers were shot down, and thirteen out

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of sixteen commissioned officers. The whole number of men engaged, 164. Dedicated Sept. 21, 1885. Gift of Herbert E. Hill."

Capt. S. E. Howard presided. Colonel Hill was not able to be present, and his address, presenting the monument to the regiment, was read by Lieut. James Welch, who was wounded in this battle.

Colonel Hill's Address.

Comrades of the Eighth Vermont and Survivors of the Union and Confederate Armies: —

The battle of Cedar Creek was the most remarkable battle of the war. Indeed, we may say there were two distinct battles during the day, and it was in the first of these, on the morning of October 19, 1864, that one of the most savage and bloody fights of the great civil war occurred on and near this spot.

The Eighth Vermont, accompanied by the Twelfth Connecticut and One Hundred and Sixtieth New York, led by General Stephen Thomas, and by direct verbal order of Major-General Emery, crossed the pike at early dawn, and marched into the very teeth of the war-trained veterans of Gordon's and Kershaw's several divisions.

The solid block of Vermont marble which we are assembled to-day to dedicate, was purposely carved and fashioned on three sides in rough, to represent the savage and peculiar features of that awful struggle.

It represents the regiment as it was surrounded at one time on three sides by an excited foe fresh from their great victory over Crook's corps. It represents the three color-bearers who were shot down in the terrible hand-to-hand conflict and who died. It represents three-fourths of the commissioned officers killed and wounded. Again, I may say it represents the regiment's total loss, for almost three-fourths of the number of men and officers actually engaged were killed or wounded.

Surely, all the good people of this broad land will join with

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us in commemorating the valor of the brave fellows who nobly stood when it seemed almost certain death to fight longer.

I present this marble memorial to the Eighth Vermont Veteran Volunteer Association.

Capt. S. E. Howard, who was twice wounded here, responded, accepting the monument in behalf of the regiment.

Captain Howard's Response.

Comrades and Friends:—

We read in sacred history that Jacob fled secretly from Laban the Syrian to Mt. Gilead, carrying away his daughters and property, and when Laban pursued and came up with the fugitives, and it seemed blood must flow, the Lord rebuked Laban's wrath and he said to Jacob: "Come let us make a covenant, I and thou, and let it be for a witness between me and thee." And Jacob took a stone and set it up for a pillar, and Laban called it Mizpah, for he said, "The Lord watch between me and thee, and this pillar shall be a witness that I will not pass over this stone to thee, and thou shalt not pass over this pillar to me, for harm."

Twenty-one years ago on the 19th of October next, the ground on which we stand was covered by two great armies fighting with a fury seldom equalled and never surpassed. Ever since that day have I remembered most vividly my sensations as I was awakened in the gray dawn of that October morning, by what I thought for an instant was a furious thunderstorm, so continuous was the dreadful roll of musketry. Springing out, I shouted "*fall in, men,*" and during the instant the line was forming, I listened eagerly to the firing, congratulating myself that whoever had struck Crook's 8th corps, had found a hard nut to crack, when the air was suddenly filled with the oncoming of that short, sharp, quick yell, which we had heard so often and dreaded so much. And when I held my breath hoping, nay, knowing that in an instant I should hear the long drawn confident shout of our comrades, as they hurled back their defiance, my heart sank as never before with inexpressible horror, for *that shout never*

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came, and I realized with the greatest dismay, that the terrible wall of musketry was from our foes, that our left was being turned, and that a great disaster stared us in the face.

A moment later our brigade received orders to take position in the edge of the timber across the pike and check the enemy's advance, and the movement was made on the run.

In a moment it was apparent that our left (Crook's corps), was hopelessly broken. Officers were fleeing for their lives, half dressed and with their swords in their hands. Hundreds of men rushed past just as they had sprung from their blankets. The surprise was complete. The best soldiers in the world (and no more gallant troops than the 8th corps were ever mustered) could have done nothing but fly.

For our little brigade the moment was supreme. Every man felt that the destiny of that great army, and perhaps of the whole country, hung fearfully trembling in the balance.

We well knew that for *ourselves* we could not "pluck the flower safety from this nettle, danger." "Theirs not to question why." The only question was, *could* we check the furious tide, could we hold that line for half an hour and thus give the 19th and 6th corps time to form a new line — and the reply which our hearts gave was, we will do it or perish in the attempt, and for answer whether we redeemed our pledge let the words chiseled in this stone reply — "Out of 148 men and 16 officers of the 8th Vermont who entered this fight, 110 men and 13 officers were killed and wounded before sunrise."

Like a rock stood that little line. The rushing wave of the enemy seeking to engulf us, was shattered against that living rampart, as the waves of old ocean are broken when they hurl themselves against the eternal cliffs. But as old ocean gathers herself after each repulse and bursts again upon the rocky barrier, so did our gallant foes again and again hurl themselves against us.

No pen can describe the scene — no pencil paint its fury. The deep gloom of the early morning was lighted up by the incessant flashes of musketry from either side. The air was filled with missiles, and heavily laden with the roar of battle, the shock of artillery and the shouts of the combatants.

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Three separate times were the colors of the Eighth Vermont in the hands of our enemies. Three color-bearers poured out their life blood and died clinging to the flag, but three times was that flag re-taken and finally carried by us from the field. But it was only a question of time, and the time soon came when there was only one course to take, then

"They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of death
Back from the mouth of Hell
All that was left of them."

But our pledge had been kept, sealed with blood and at the price of a great slaughter, but still *kept*. For half an hour under the dauntless Thomas, had we held in check the whole centre of the enemy's advance, and when our little remnant was finally swept from the field, the 19th and 6th corps in their new position, gained while we fought, were in comparative readiness for the assault.

Looking from that scene of carnage of twenty-one years ago, when we who are now gathered here in friendly amity, were then deadly foes, let me revert to the sentiment expressed in my opening words. May not this stone be Mizpah to us of the North and South. *Once foes, now friends.* Placed here not for glorification, but to mark the spot where our comrades fell, to mark the place of an important public event, and a turning point in a nation's history; let it also have a deeper meaning to us of the North and you our brothers in the South. Let it be a pillar of stone which shall forever mark an era of genuine fraternal feeling between *us*. Let it be an everlasting covenant that we will not pass over this stone to thee, and thou shalt not pass over this pillar to us, for harm.

And to the generous donor of this monument in behalf of my brothers of the North, I accept it, pledging ourselves that it shall be our constant aim to promote that feeling of sympathy and kindness between the two sections, which he so much desires, and with him earnestly hoping that the time is near at hand when there shall be no North, no South, but one country united forever.

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Gen. Stephen Thomas, of Montpelier, then addressed the audience, giving briefly the different positions held by the regiment, and sketching vividly its part in this most desperate struggle. His remarks were listened to with the deepest attention, and at times his voice was nearly overcome by emotion, from the memories of that day.

Capt. Moses McFarland then spoke as follows, making a most effective point when the names of those who were killed on that field were called:

Address of Capt. Moses McFarland.

Comrades: —

In the years not long since gone noble men left our own loved Green Mountains, left fathers and mothers, wives and children, left all that life holds dear, to offer up themselves as sacrifices, if need be, to preserve the integrity of this nation. Many there were who never returned. Many there were who looked for the last time upon their dear ones at home. Many there were whose bones moulder in the soil of the Shenandoah. It is but fitting that we, as comrades of those brave men, should make pilgrimages to this spot made sacred by the blood of our brothers in arms, and erect here a monument in memory of the sublime courage that characterized the sacrifice of that terrible 19th of October, 1864. They died that liberty should not perish, that generations yet unborn should be blessed with the boon of free self-government. Nor was it an unwilling sacrifice. It was made as freely as the lives offered up were dear. Can we do less than strew this ground with flowers and engage in these simple ceremonies?

Not alone does this soil cover the dear forms of our fellow comrades. Here lie buried fond hopes, noble ambitions, and bright anticipations of happy and prosperous lives cut off in the early morning of that awful day. Nor do we only weep for the fallen, but far away among the green hills of Vermont father and mother, sister, brother, wife, grieve for him who here gave up his life in defence of his country's flag. The last roll call at Cedar Creek was on the 18th of September,

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1864. Were the roll of the 8th Vermont to be called to-day, fourteen would be accounted for as among the dead upon this field. Men of noble manhood, types of the old Green Mountain State, worthy sons of worthy sires, you went bravely forth at your country's call, leaving all that was dear behind, but the good old flag which you gallantly followed until your names were enrolled in the heavenly roster beyond the river. You have left us for the rest that awaits us all. You have left us for the land where

> "No vision of the morrow's strife
> The warrior's dream alarms.
> No braying horn or screaming fife
> At dawn shall call to arms."

This, my comrades, is no idle ceremony as we gather here in this far-off country to commemorate the deeds of our fallen brothers. They who poured out their life blood here, were our messmates, men who shared with us every privation common to the life of a good soldier, men whose devotion to their country stood out in bold relief as a controlling power of their being. Comrades and men of Vermont, here upon this field, one of the most hotly contested of the whole war, where less than a thousand men were required to resist and if possible to repel the attack of a whole division of the best troops of the Confederate army, where 110 of the sons of Vermont poured out their blood, here at this monument dedicated to commemorate the deeds of valor of that terrible day we may well give our devotion. From this service and in this sacred spot let us kindle anew the fires of patriotism and pledge ourselves anew to the support of one flag, one country and one constitution.

Gen. W. W. Grout then gave the following address, which was very impressive:

General Grout's Remarks.

You have already been told concerning the important event which took place here twenty-one years ago. It was really an

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important event, and has already taken a notable place in history. It has furnished material for one of the most stirring chapters in our country's annals. You need not be reminded that it is because of that event and the other events which closely preceded it here in the Shenandoah that this body of pilgrims, from the far-off land of the pilgrims, have made this their second pilgrimage to this beautiful valley, the fairest and most fertile portion of the Old Dominion. Here, when young, you camped and marched and fought your country's battles up and down this river; and now after almost a quarter of a century has passed away and the frosts of age are upon the locks of some of you, you are to-day hunting out the places which you then helped make historic by your deeds of arms. These places are already enshrined upon the page of history, but their identity is in no way indicated to the stranger visiting these fields. It is one of the objects and will, I hope, be one of the results of this visit to more certainly ascertain and designate the exact points in the ebb and flow of the tide of battle as it swept over these ridges and along these hillsides. In this work to-day the veterans of both armies go out side by side, if not arm in arm, over these old battle fields and together are trying to gather up the half forgotten incidents of those first terrible meetings here when they crossed bayonet and sabre in deadly conflict.

But now, "Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front" and these men who then thought themselves enemies now meet as friends. Virginia and South Carolina and all our other sister States South have forever renounced allegiance to that strange banner that floated here when the battle was on, and now salute the same flag beneath which New England then stood, and beneath which all are resolved ever to stand from this time forth. I tell you, my friends, New England can afford to come up to these old battle-fields and take by the hand and become better acquainted with those brave men then on the other side, but who, now that the affair is ended, are thankful that they did not succeed in breaking up the union of these States. I say New England can afford this, for are not New England ideas fast leavening

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the whole lump? In the late civil struggle did not the God of battles set the seal of his approval upon the New England view of the constitutional powers and limitations of the general government? Who now wants anything but "liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable?" How too like a prophecy do those words now read! For has not liberty come to the bondman, and upon what fold of the old flag and in what political party can there be found any political dogma which to-day questions the indissolubility of our national union. The cohesive power of our system is no longer questioned. Though once in dispute, it was settled by that dread tribunal of last resort, the arbitrament of arms, and twenty-one years ago the parties to that dispute had a hearing on this very spot; and a little before another at Fishers Hill; and still a little before that another at Winchester.

In the language of Chancery "interlocutory motions" were heard at all these points, and the ruling was uniformly in favor of "liberty and union," though I believe at this place the decision was somewhat in doubt until some suggestions were made by our sergeant-at-law, Sheridan.

At last, however, a final decree was passed at Appomattox in which all acquiesced, and our National unity was secured to posterity. But the contest was a long and terrible one, and nowhere over the whole field of strife were the red furrows of war broader and deeper than in this valley. Twice, nay, thrice had the Confederate legions used it as a convenient highway in overrunning the North — its abundant agricultural products furnishing ample subsistence as they went; for then as now it was the granary of Virginia. Here as nowhere else was felt the devastating hand of war. History tells us that in October, 1864, General Sheridan reported to his superior officer that "the whole country between the Blue Ridge and North Mountain was rendered untenable for a hostile army. I have," said he, "destroyed over two thousand barns filled with wheat and hay, and over seventy mills filled with flour and grain. I have driven before the army over 4000 head of cattle, and have killed and issued to the troops over 3000 sheep. A large number of horses have also been ob-

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tained." Thus from overmastering military necessity did this fair valley sadly realize that in resorting to war it had, in very sooth, "provoked the fury of his three attendants, lean famine, quartering steel and climbing fire." It was left by the Union forces as Sheridan had been ordered to leave it — "so bare that the crow as he flew over it would have to carry his rations with him." It was left stripped of all movable goods, and with the fruits of an abundant harvest in smouldering ash heaps.

But now how different! What a wonderful transformation! Where then was seen on every hand the black cinders of war the traveller now finds all the arts and industries of peace. He finds

> "Deep waving fields and pastures green
> With gentle slopes and groves between."

He finds a rich agricultural region that will compare favorably with any east of the Alleghanies. And in place of the desolate haunts of twenty years ago he finds a rapidly increasing, prosperous population, with well-filled barns and storehouses and with happy firesides. I say a rapidly increasing population; would you think that in the twenty years from 1860 to 1880 there was in the nine counties of this valley a gain in population of 28,138? And would you suppose that in the same twenty years this heroic old State of Virginia, which felt over its whole area the iron hoof of war as no other State did, has made an actual gain in numbers of 292,935? And yet the last census reveals these facts, nor is this gain peculiar to this valley or this State. Strange as it may seem, during these same twenty years the gain in population for the whole country was greater than for the thirty years preceding. Here are the figures: For the thirty years it was 18,557,801, while for the twenty years it was 18,712,462, an increase of almost 200,000. Only think of it, a larger gain during these twenty years, which cover the whole period of the war, and remember that war is always terrible in its effects upon population; but notwithstanding this a larger actual gain under the new order of things, with "liberty and union" blazoned on the old flag

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in every part of the country, than during the thirty years preceding, while the nation sat in the "valley of the shadow" of bondage, and State sovereignty and secession were a standing menace to the national life.

I have spoken of population because population is always the prime element of empire; but further comparative statistics could be employed to show a like superior advancement in these last twenty years under our regenerated constitution, in every department of industry and wealth, and even in moral and religious instruction. But I cannot dwell. Let me say in closing, that I am glad to be here to-day. I am glad to meet and take by the hand the brave men who here clung to the old flag twenty years ago and wrung victory from apparent defeat. I am glad also to meet the boys on the other side. We are all older boys now than then, and probably realize quite as fully now as then the inestimable value of free government, and, moreover, the value of a stable government; one which while it protects shall at the same time have power to enforce obedience. We have all lived busy enough and seen enough of human affairs to know that stability is a most desirable quality in civil government. My friends, have you ever stopped to compute the value of our free and thus far stable government? Have you ever struck the balance between a government strong in the will and affections of the governed and serene in the administration of a code of laws, alike protecting and demanding obedience from all classes from the President to the pauper, and a government like that of Mexico or the South American republics, or Spain, or France even, in every one of which

> "The fashions may so alter
> That the doctrine to-day that is loyally sound
> To-morrow may bring one a halter."

Why! you will find in the record of modern French history how one government ordered Marshal Ney shot, and he was shot, and the very next government erected a statue of heroic size to his memory in the public garden of the Luxembourg, in the very place of his execution. And within the last hun-

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dred years France has twice left the republic for the empire and three times the empire for the republic. And who will count the lives or the treasure which each change cost? or who tell how the guillotine, meanwhile, drank the best blood of the French people? Can we then value too highly this government, by themselves of now more than fifty millions of people, which during all this time of vicissitude and change in these other governments, has known but one flag. Can you name a price for which you would be willing to exchange it for any other government on the face of the globe? Nay, verily. Then let us remember that upon us and upon all of us of this day and generation rests the high duty of preserving and transmitting unimpaired this priceless legacy. Let us remember, too, that in this work we all have a common interest, a common hope and a common destiny; that as all now look to the same starry flag for protection, so all should be ready to uphold the honor of that flag, whether on the field or in the cabinet, or in private station. And withal, let American citizenship be looked upon by Americans, as it really is, as the richest blessing that can be conferred by any civil power. Let closer relations and a better acquaintance be established between the remote sections of the country. Let loyalty and fraternity everywhere prevail, and all the social and moral virtues have a high rating with us as a people. Then will there be ground for the hope that the future of our beloved country may be worthy its glorious past.

The ceremony was then closed by Col. John B. Mead, who was also wounded on this field, and who offered a most feeling and impressive prayer.

THE FIRST MONUMENT.

The Eighth Vermont scored high, but they did not erect the first monument on this renowned battle-field. In 1881, when the historian of the Fourteenth New Hampshire visited the Valley for the purpose of gathering material for his volume, he was able to identify the precise spot in the field works

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occupied by his regiment when the battle opened. He then erected a rude pile of stones on the breastworks where the colors were in the fight, and left inside the pile a memorandum of the event. In 1883, he found the pile and the inscription intact. An addition was made to the inscription, and it was again buried in the pile. And now the "boys" of the Fourteenth eagerly wend their way to the spot. The blue flag marker is set up, and, seen from every point, indicates about the position of the regiment. The pile had stood undisturbed, and the paper, enclosed in one of Sutler Farr's dilapidated fruit cans — twenty-one years old — is entirely legible. It was determined to more durably mark the spot, and Comrades Hunter, Fosgate, Thompson, and the one who first marked the spot, assisted by F. R. Ellis, a civilian excursionist, pulled off their coats, and took a hand at immortalizing a point on that field where bullets were thick and hot October 19th, 1864. The original pile was enclosed in a monument well laid up, about three feet base and five feet high. The original inscription was carefully ensconced in "the corner stone," and each builder added a written sentiment of his own. A memorial tablet is to be placed on this pile, and the owner of the property, Mr. Smellie, kindly offered to secure its preservation.

During the whole of this day the battle-field presented a lively and inspiring spectacle. Horsemen are galloping from point to point; an interested group is over inspecting the Vermont monument; veterans and ladies are roaming up and down the pike; Sixth Corps men are reconnoitring their old position; the Nineteenth Corps breastworks and the rolling plain to the rear are dotted with excursionists; away *en echelon* far to the left front the tragic lines of the Eighth Corps are being inspected; while the grounds of Belle Grove Mansion are thrown open by the affable proprietor, Mr. James Smellie, and are bright with members of the party who wait for the dinner hour, and do not venture on extensive perambulations. As this picturesque mansion was Sheridan's, so it is the Association's headquarters, dinner being served under the trees. In company with Colonel Wellington, the

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writer rode all over the scene of Early's surprise of the Eighth Corps, and all the early fighting of that day, including a laborious climbing of the still entrenched heights, and a fording of Cedar Creek at the very point where Kershaw's men crept silently across and waited for the word to make that panther's bound into the midst of Crook's sleeping soldiers. General Thomas had secured a good mount of Mr. Smellie, and was as lively as a boy on horseback as he rode over the ground where he had his exciting encounter with the Johnnies early on that October morning. After lunch, General Neafie had an interested audience while he pointed out the principal points of the battle, and gave a description of the fight, with various episodes. It was one of the most profitable days of the excursion, and was thoroughly enjoyed. About five o'clock the train started down the Valley, and reached camp in season for supper before the programme of the next chapter was carried out. A big crowd was already in camp, Comrade Patch was having his throat re-tubed preparatory to "the greatest effort of his life" waiting for him on the rostrum, and Colonel Wellington divided his time between the wood-pile and the fireworks tent.

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MASSACHUSETTS CAMP-FIRE.

On Monday night Massachusetts took her turn in the series of brilliant camp-fires which had characterized this tour, and preparations were made for a display which should leave a vivid remembrance on the minds of the happy youth of the neighborhood. The main features were to be an elaborate display of fireworks, and an immense bonfire of the most primitive kind. Under the superintendence of Col. A. C. Wellington, a great mound, requiring ten cords of wood for its construction, was reared in the centre of the encampment, ready for the torch. The main platform of the camp was prettily illuminated, and the headquarters of the various Massachusetts groups were radiant in bunting and lanterns. On the rostrum assembled the orators, singers, and rhymesters of the evening.

Chaplain Hon. B. F. Whittemore of the Thirtieth presided, and opened the meeting with a ringing speech. He was followed by Comrade George H. Patch of the Nineteenth, Charles C. Coffin, Esq., (Carleton) of Boston, and Captain Nulton of Winchester. The Secretary of the Association read some original rhymes. One of the most pleasing features of the platform exercises was the fine singing of the choir, composed of Comrade R. S. Ripley (who as chairman of the Committee on Music for the excursion, worked unweariedly for its success), Miss Anna V. Shaw, Miss M. Grace Whittemore, Miss Lillie Tyson Jolliffe, and Lieut. Charles F. Shaw. Two original songs were rendered, one of which, by Lieut. E. W. Thompson of the Twelfth Maine, appealed to the serious, and the other, by Corporal George W. Powers of the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts, to the humorous sensibilities of the hearers. These songs are here given:

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MARCHING ON.

By Lieut. E. W. Thompson, of Lowell.

Our eyes have seen the bivouac where our comrades' rest begun,
Above it waves the banner that their lives a ransom won;
Within the tents of silence they shall hear no hostile gun
While time is marching on.

We've seen the headstones pointing to the heroes' final camp,
On the altar of devotion we have lit the glowing lamp,
The grave becomes a portal, but we hear no sentry's tramp;
Our faith is marching on.

We have read a holy gospel, writ in golden words of peace,
"So love you one another that my love may never cease;"
And bow in humble yielding to our Lord's divine decrees,
Since love is marching on.

O beauty of forgiving that is uttered o'er the tomb!
O touch of human nature that shall rob defeat of gloom!
Our ranks shall "open order," while we give our foemen room,
While Peace is marching on.

DIXIE'S LITTLE LAMB.

By George W. Powers, of Boston.

[During Sheridan's campaign in the Shenandoah Valley, a party of foragers had gobbled a tender lamb, skinned, and eaten it. A day or two after, when prowling around the same premises, they met the owner, who was a "Union man" for the time, and had a chat with him. He expatiated on the value of the merino sheep in the vicinity, which were raised entirely for their wool, he said, the flesh being of poor quality. The "boys" saw the point, but it did not lessen their longing for the "merino" mutton. However, as that was out of their reach just then, they told him they had a fleece of that kind of wool in the camp, which they had captured some miles from there, and which they would like to sell him. He bit at the offer, a bargain was completed to the satisfaction of both parties, the fleece produced, the pay received, and the foragers hugged themselves. The ballad, as sung at Winchester, seemed to be enjoyed by the "vets" of both armies.]

Dixie had a little lamb
Of choice merino breed,
Shouting the soldiers' cry for rations.

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It rambled in the clover-fields,
And nibbled dainty feed,
Shouting the soldiers' cry for rations.

CHORUS. Hurrah for Dixie! hurrah for the lamb!
Hurrah for the Blue and Gray, all boys of Uncle Sam!
While we rally round the camp-fire, rally once again,
Shouting the soldiers' cry for rations.

It wandered from its field one day
Because it had grown bolder,
Shouting the soldiers' cry for rations.
A Yankee bummer passed that way,
And flung it o'er his shoulder,
Shouting the soldiers' cry for rations.

That bummer killed the little lamb,
And ate three pounds of steak,
Shouting the soldiers' cry for rations.
It weighed upon his conscience,
And made his stomach ache,
Shouting the soldiers' cry for rations.

That wicked bummer took the fleece,
And sold it to its master,
Shouting the soldiers' cry for rations.
Who thought it was a neighbor's lamb,
And bought it all the faster,
Shouting the soldiers' cry for rations.

CHORUS. Hurrah for the neighbor! hurrah for the lamb!
Hurrah for the Blue and Gray, all boys of Uncle Sam!
While we rally round the camp-fire, rally once again,
Shouting the soldiers' cry for rations.

While the exercises on the platform were going on, the great crowd beyond earshot were becoming impatient for the fireworks. Chairman Whittemore, who had kept his restless audience well in hand, and enlivened the evening with his own poetry and wit, was bringing the meeting to a close, when one of his most glowing periods was interrupted by the rush

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of a rocket. Three times did the eloquent chaplain endeavor to round off his sentence. Three times was there a fiery interlude. Some one had given a signal that the speaking was over. The chairman evidently saw the joke, and gracefully yielded to the inevitable. Masten & Wells soon opened their batteries, and the sky became radiant with stars, red, white and blue. The shells discharged in the Valley from '61 to '65, although more striking, were less brilliant. One set piece bore the inscription "Massachusetts to Virginia: we'uns are glad to see you'uns." There were other pieces of revolving wheels of blue and gray, etc. The last piece represented the American flag, which, burning in brilliant colors, was hoisted to the top of a liberty-pole while the Winchester band played the "Star-Spangled Banner," the huge heap of pine wood shot its blaze high in air, shells and rockets illuminated the sky, and the vast crowd of nearly ten thousand people cheered to the echo. It was a fitting wind-up to the week's programme. Lieutenant Reed of the Twenty-sixth, with a jovial group of friends, was tireless in his efforts for the success of the evening. In fact, all the representatives of Massachusetts worked harmoniously for the credit of the Bay State. Colonel Neafie of the One Hundred and Fifty-sixth New York also rendered valuable assistance.

The last night in the camp the Massachusetts boys made it red and rather glorious. They wanted to use the tents for camp-fires, but modestly contented themselves with two. The party did not hurry to bed, and all things were jolly. There was a good deal of calling, much fun and real enjoyment. In the routine of a military camp the bugler sounds the camp calls. Listen to those of Camp Russell.

"CAMP CALLS."

On all sides we heard the complaint, "Our flowers are but few and poor, for the season has been so dry!" but if the strangers had judged of quality and quantity by those sent into Camp Russell, they would have thought that the residents of the fair Valley had slight ground for complaint.

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Such a profusion of beautiful flowers would have done credit to the generous donors if their gardens had been in their usual flourishing condition, but doubly so when exhausted by the long drought. Among the many who sent flowers and fruit were Mrs. Lucy Sloat, Mrs. Clara Hoover, Mrs. Annie Copenhaver, and others whose names we do not recall, though we cherish their memories with gratitude.

Colonel Carpenter, of the Eighth Vermont, remembers with gratitude Mr. W. I. Gilbert of Winchester for the gift of the horse shoe which he picked up near the Vermont Monument on the morning of dedication — only it was a mule's shoe.

Colonel Mead joined the party with his whole family, and none seemed more interested or found more enjoyment than did his youngest daughter, a demure little miss of five years, who was a model of deportment in every way, and who was enough of a favorite to be adopted as the "daughter of the regiment."

Several of the excursionists were tempted to induce some of the brighter and picturesque little negroes to consent to a journey northward and a home among the Yankees. Some went so far as to request the parents' leave to take them, but Comrade Evarts was the only one, so far as we know, who was unfortunate enough to be successful. After lavishing a good deal of money and time on one of these luxuries, soon after he was fairly established in his New England home, he pined so for "Old Virginny" that his capturer had to return him to the bosom of his family, and mourn him as a losing investment.

Mr. Johnson, of Springfield, well represented the civilians of Massachusetts, and he was truly loyal to the New Bedford party.

The beautiful silver field-piece presented by Col. Herbert E. Hill, of Boston, and won by the "Grays" in the rifle contest with the "Blues," was the object of much admiration.

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It was displayed in the headquarters tent of the 14th New Hampshire, and there was found on the table beside it one evening a large, handsome cake, with the compliments of the giver, Mrs. Annie Copenhaver, and the inscription "The cannon takes the cake."

The ladies and their friends appreciated both the joke and the cake, which did not last long, being an exceedingly good one; but its flavor still lingers in the memory of those who partook of the giver's generosity.

There were some hopes entertained by big-hearted fair ones that this excursion would induce the Paymaster to put a new light in his domicile — in fact, it was hoped that he would turn his back on the electric light and go back to earlier fountains of supply. The Paymaster has a mind of his own, and he don't want to lose it.

Two little girls looked curiously about them as they stood within a tent, and one timidly said to the occupant, "you live in tents all the time, don't you?" When assured to the contrary, she could not conceal her surprise, evidently having been possessed of the idea that we were a band of gypsies or a roving tribe of savages.

Mr. N. R. Lewis, of Fall River, did not miss the train at Cedar Creek. He is always at hand — at the last moment.

One of the most unique discoveries of the entire trip was that of the captain of the Green Mountain target team, who, by a careful study of the stumps on the field of the Opequan, was able to identify one of the deadly and decisive volleys of the Eighth Vermont, fired just twenty-one years before.

There was n't a "strike" in camp nor a mutiny, exactly; hardly a protest, but there was some quiet grumbling, and if the meat contractor who furnished half cooked roast chickens for the Sunday dinner could have been "interviewed," a big and very agreeable safety-valve might have been opened.

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Two young women gazed long and earnestly at one of the excursionists, having a desire — as was explained to the object of their curiosity by the lady who had brought them, to "see what a real Yankee lady looked like." As the lady under scrutiny could not altogether conceal her amusement, it is likely they did not find her so terrible in appearance as they had expected, for one remarked in a disappointed tone as she turned away, "why, she looks like other folks!"

To a lady of the party, one of the pleasantest memories of the trip is of the day of departure from Winchester, when she accompanied a southern lady on a ride into the country, passing places of historic interest, and chatting together over recollections of the war and the sentiments then cherished between North and South. The Southern lady told of the horseback ride in company with another young girl one fine morning over this same road, when it was supposed there were no Yankees in the vicinity, and of their trepidation when, upon gaining a slight eminence, they saw a large body of Union soldiers approaching. They were too proud to retreat, knowing that they must have been seen, and they soon found that the dreaded soldiers were themselves retreating, hotly pursued, and were in no mood to challenge the rights of any passer. After a very pleasant ride, the "Veteran" was taken to the fine suburban residence of her new-made friend, where she spent a delightful hour in conversation with her and her genial husband, who had been an officer in the Confederate army. A friend of his from Maryland, a young officer who was killed in the service, had given him, shortly before his death, the brass buttons from his jacket, which he in turn wore until the close of the war. One of these buttons — a battered and precious relic — he gave to his guest, and also a ball which had lodged in one of the house doors. The house and adjacent orchard bore unmistakable evidence of the fact that a battle had been fought close by. The house has some ancient carving in wood mantels that is fine and elaborate, and a hall set of table and chairs of rich old oak of exquisite design and workmanship, and whose antiquity is

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forgotten. It was brought over from England by an ancestor of the present owner, and would make the heart of a connoisseur burn with envy. The delightful hours spent with Mr. and Mrs. Hack and their winsome little daughters, will be remembered by their Northern guest as by no means the "least" although "the last" of the trip.

The chaplain has won a meritorious comment for his faithful endeavor to sleep in two tents at the same time. He succeeded as well as any small man could who essayed a big feat.

An old citizen of Sharpsburg was willing to pilot the party to the ford where Lee escaped across the Potomac, but all declared they had seen water enough for that day.

These "Camp Calls" form a pie into which a good many fingers have been thrust. Men and women, veterans and civilians, have chipped in their literary tinkering to construct these notes on the trip. To our mind "Camp Calls" is the most fascinating chapter in this souvenir of the excursion.

One of the party, Mr. J. W. Haines, saw the advantage of utilizing the amusement facilities lying around "permiscous like," and he stimulated some laughable competitions between the darkey camp followers, offering prizes in some running matches, which formed a novel attraction.

The most astonished group, probably, which investigated the curiosities of Camp Russell, was made up of half-a-dozen young chaps — genuine high-fliers — out for a "time." It was pretty late and the parade ground was deserted, and the camp guard was not there. These young patriots proposed to "make Rome howl." The Manager remonstrated and they laughed at him. Two of their heads suddenly came together — their feelings were touched — they were tender in spots, and they all had business, which they strictly attended to — outside the camp limits.

There is nothing like a toothsome roast chicken for a Sunday dinner in camp.

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The most popular article of diet in camp was the superlative hams of John P. Squire & Co. It was unfortunate that the supply was so limited. Colonel W—— was somewhat irritated because a greater proportion of this excellent article of diet was not furnished, but in apology it can only be said that the Manager never dreamed of any such call for ham as he actually experienced. At the Revere House dinner of the Association last winter, some of the identical ham served in the Valley was served to the hero who was decorated at Luray, and nothing so touched his omnivorous appetite.

The camp decorations by Masten & Wells were entirely unexpected, and were most elegant and elaborate. The superb banners, emblazoned with the coats-of-arms in colors of all the States represented, formed a most showy and beautiful feature. These generous friends of the Association took to the Valley their choicest and best materials for adorning and illuminating the camp. And never was a success more complete.

The "twins of the excursion," always together at mess, on horse, in picture groups, when hungry or thirsty, awake or asleep, were Colonel Wellington and George Patch.

Truth is mighty in the end and spurious dogs have their last bark. The Winchester man says he never gave the "Chaplain" a pup.

Yes, there was a cannon in camp. Comrade Dudrow was at much trouble to secure the gun for salutes in camp. But no salute was fired during the encampment. The attempt was literally a fizzle. Positive arrangements had been made with those who were entirely familiar with artillery to take charge of this part of the programme, but for some reason it utterly failed, as it did in 1883. There is something curious about those abortive attempts at salutes. Perhaps somebody can explain; the writer cannot, though as a Yankee he might *guess*.

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Members of the party will pleasantly remember William Donnal, a veteran of the Fourteenth New York, who came into camp, took charge of the gentleman's toilet tent, and contributed in many ways to the comfort of the party. His little tent was pitched just back of the line of tents, and he took a genuine interest in the encampment. Three years ago, in a rebel camp forty miles west of Manassas, he found a fairly well-preserved picture of Stonewall Jackson, which he presented to the Manager.

It was a delicate touch in the programme of Vermont night when Captain Nulton and the Confederate Rifle team were presented to the crowd individually. Captain Nulton's speech was felicitous, and he knew just what to say.

After the first night the headquarters of Major Packard were at the Taylor House, second story, front room. Here he entertained Colonel Wright and part of the staff on the evening of September 18th.

The Massachusetts vets just spread themselves at their camp-fire. Being green with envy over the you-can't-rival-it pageant of the New Hampshire boys, the Grocer, Banker, Chaplain, Colonel, Mill Inspector, Conductor, with the O. M. reserve, set to work to do something that the Fourteenth had n't accomplished. They subsidized the pyrotechnist, burned ten cords of smoky wood in one vast holocaust, set fire to three tents, scared the natives, and spread cinders in every direction. Yes, Massachusetts can't be beat — in some things.

One of the ladies' tents had a narrow escape from destruction. One of the fair tenants tipped her candle over and burned a good hole in the tent side. She never reported the accident, so that the Manager was spared any anxiety — during the encampment.

The excellent canvas provision made by James Martin & Sons was universally praised. No better tents were ever sup-

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plied for an encampment, and the Messrs. Martin deserve much praise for their service.

The Chaplain forgot to preach in a Winchester church in 1864.

On Monday night Captain Hadley, Captain Hervey, and a few more who were fond of equestrianism, were eager to make up a small party for a moonlight gallop into the country. A good horse-back ride was the one thing they hankered after.

One of the amusing features of the commissary department was the mystery which our colored cooks discerned in the marvellous method of coffee cooking which was enforced. The unrivalled coffee urn of the Oriental Tea Company, of Boston, was used, three sets of their apparatus having been procured. In 1883 the cooks in the Valley utterly refused to cook coffee in this way, but in Camp Russell it was insisted upon. The process was inspected by some of the leading citizens here, and the Male Berry Java and the Oriental Tea Company's system of preparing it, were praised unstintedly. It is certain that no campaigners or battle-field excursionists ever had better coffee. The cooks became speedily reconciled to the Yankee way of cooking coffee when they saw how much easier and better it was than any other they had ever tried. Even the hide-bound chicory devotee was impressed with the rich aroma and peerless flavor of the Boston Oriental Male Berry Java.

Mr. Warren, the photographer, catered to the vanity of the Antietam party by placing them in graceful positions at Dunker Church, Burnside's Bridge, and other places, and then turning his camera upon the veterans, "took them in."

It was very amusing and instructive to see some of the valiant cavalrymen when they arrived at Cedar Creek. They did n't "interfere" at all in walking about, and they vowed that it was the easiest thing in the world to *stand up* all day.

Some of the fair excursionists were unaccustomed to sleeping in tents. They gossipped and related family history just

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as though canvas walls were ten feet thick — so one of their own gender affirms. The scribe does not believe in the truth of such a reflection.

Snoring in a tent is rather poetical on the whole, and the Chaplain likes it. Ask the Twenty-sixth Massachusetts.

One of the saucy girls in the party impudently intimates that the G. A. R. sent brass enough to the Valley for a good-sized statue of a Union soldier, and that it was all above the shoulders.

It ought to be a criminal offence for a knightly excursionist to strain every timber in an O. M. soul, and then leave the wreck to drift on a shoreless sea, without anchor, compass, or pole star.

Some twenty of the party, instead of going to Luray on Thursday visited the battle-field of Antietam. George Reed of the Twenty-sixth Massachusetts was Captain of the Squad, and Jerry Hastings of the Boston and Albany Railroad was his Chief of Staff, and as such he had charge of the sandwich basket and the big coffee pot.

Among the citizen members of the encampment was Mr. J. B. Niver, of Boston. He was very enthusiastic over everything. Strolling about the town he came across a negro cabin where was a mother and a half dozen "little brats" from a year old upwards. He was so much interested in them he summoned the excursion photographer and had a picture taken of the group. He prized this as much as the war relics he gathered.

One feminine excursionist was much impressed with two calls made in one morning, one upon the family of Dr. W. S. Miller, a stout Unionist, the other at the house of Mr. H. Clay Krebs, a family equally loyal to the other side. It would be hard to say at which house was found the warmest welcome, the most refined and friendly entertainment, or sincerity of heart and speech. The Union lady robbed her garden of

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its choicest blossoms to give to her guest, who tried in vain to restrain her generosity. Nor was the lady who might have been justified in entertaining unfriendly sentiments, less generous than her neighbor. The drought had taken the most of her roses, but all she had she pressed upon her northern guest, who mingled the roses of the South with the blossoms of the North, and has laid them away together, fit emblems of the union of sweetness and sincerity in the hearts of two women, each true to her own cause, but generously recognising each other's worth and loyalty.

One night after the camp was quiet a party of "young bloods" from the city came into camp to serenade Captain Cunningham. Smith of the 12th Connecticut, and Carpenter of the 8th Vermont were "on guard." They were so determined to sing, it was only after they were told that the ladies of the excursion were much fatigued, that they would consent to retire from camp. And so it happened that Captain Cunningham's sleep was undisturbed.

The excursion manager was asked why it was that the Fourteenth New Hampshire *petered out* from over forty in the first excursion to less than a dozen in the second. The ubiquitous manager has not yet answered the conundrum. Are the Granite State heroes devoid of *staying* qualities?

No member of the excursion received more honors, no one attracted so much attention as Gen. Stephen Thomas, of Vermont. His splendid conduct on that field, long ago, entitled him to more than could be given.

Mr. Wells, junior, was not old enough to be a veteran, but he had the clear grit of one. The way he bore up uncom plainingly under the infliction of a sprained ankle won general sympathy and admiration.

The mayor of Winchester asked Captain Reed for a specimen of New England confectionery. The genial president of the Twenty-sixth Association assured the ex-confederate that he had never carried candy on his travels since he "marched

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through Baltimore," but he advised the gallant mayor to send in an order to 31 Milk Street, Boston, as there was the biggest taffy factory in the United States.

There was no tent crew completer in itself and more indèpendent of masculine "tenders," than the Canton tent. The moving spirit in that active coterie has always taken a lively interest in the welfare of the Association.

The camp was under the general care of chief Alonzo Bowman, and he made the tent of the Twenty-sixth Massachusetts the police headquarters. This accounts for the bright light seen until the "wee hours," and evidently the loud talking heard in the tent were the voices of jurymen Boody, Reed, Clough, Patch and others, deliberating over some interesting case.

We have heard the report emphatically contradicted that Colonel H—— offered to put up a monument to Jubal Early on the Cedar Creek battle-field if the "old unreconciled" would write a note for publication in the latest war history, to the effect that if it had not been for the Eighth Vermont he would have captured the whole Union army before Sheridan got there.

The colonel and the other colonel put their heads together and decided that something must be done. They both got relief when the manager favored them with a deprecatory, explanatory and promissory exhortation from a dining-tent rostrum.

One of the vets — a handsome man — with a moderately distinguished military prefix, is awfully afraid certain parties will find out that he has written some of these "calls." He declares that some of his friends would just "skin him" if they knew. He is ready to *insure* everybody else against retaliation but he has no assurance for himself.

There were several excursions at Antietam on this day — which was the anniversary of the battle — and an old sol-

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dier who was selling canes at the depot will be remembered for his witty sayings.

The extraordinary drought cut off almost entirely one source of table supplies chiefly depended upon, i. e., fruit. Large quantities, and in every variety known there, had been ordered, but nature said *no*, and there was no appeal.

The very enjoyable call of the writer — under escort of Major Drum — on Justice Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court, formed one of the pleasantest social episodes of the stay in Winchester. He found out that judges of the highest court in the land are exceedingly desirable men to meet — when you have no official business with them.

Some of the less favored ones thought that our chief musician enjoyed pretty *high-toned* quarters. He was the only veteran in camp who could boast of a genuine full-fledged, high-topped, many-stopped organ, with a bevy of fair players always at hand. It was not the same organ which he had in his tent when he was in the Valley in 1864. Then, again, our musician-in-chief had one or two bands of music down in his corner of the camp, a good deal more than would seem to fall to his share. Yes, our drum-major's "tone" was sweet, high and varied.

Captain Danielson, in charge of the National Cemetery at Antietam, received the excursionists very cordially, and from the observatory pointed out the different positions of interest.

The Hartford *Courant* gave the following in an article on the excursion to the Valley: "General Dickinson brought back perhaps the oddest of all things. Everybody wanted to buy the Chinese lanterns, and one old lady offered a handful of 'Connecticut money' that she got during the war, for one. This 'money' proved to be sutler's checks, which were universally given to soldiers in change. The lady used to make pies that were much appreciated by the 'boys,' and for which they paid in these checks. The camp was moved hastily, and

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she had a lot of this coin left. She was ready to exchange a handful of it for a lantern, and did so. The coins bear the legend 'M. Kingsbury, sutler 18' Conn. Reg. 5 cts. in goods.'"

The sprightly serenade to the Manager and to other officials of the excursion by the colored brass band must be included in the list of pleasant novelties of the encampment. These musicians played with a spirit and zest which was highly appreciated.

Besides the rifle match, it is reported that Charlie Gould of Boston made a match which has continued ever since.

The historian of the Eighth Vermont did not forget for a moment that he was soon to appear before the world as an "author." In fact, he was diligently busy in manufacturing history for his own laudable literary venture. He could not quite screw up Alderman Riley's courage to the point of declaring that the entire rebel left trembled when they saw the colors of the Eighth, but one old Johnny was found who, when he saw one end of a crisp V., did recollect that his regiment "run when they found the Vermonters were done fitin."

The Antietam party was much interested in the Dunker Church, which an old lady of the faith opened to them, and she told many incidents of the battle. Before the veterans left, they generously recompensed her for her attention.

One of the most noticeable features of the excursion was the absence of that feeling of shyness experienced during the first visit to the Valley. There was not so much treading on eggs. We realized that the Confederate soldiers could discuss the war in a more impersonal manner — more in the light that history would regard it. Consequently, there was less restraint in our intercourse, with perhaps a little less of the bloom of romance.

There were many indications that in the future the pride of the boys in gray will be in the way they fought rather

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than in the cause for which they fought. To have been wounded in Pickett's charge will be a grander family treasure than to have presided over a convention which passed an ordinance of secession. The heroism was American, national; the rebellion was Southern, sectional.

The chaplain doesn't have much to say of the cute manner in which the New Hampshire vet. "got ahead" of him in his favorite pyrotechnic design. They don't get up early enough in Montvale.

Some of Berdan's Sharpshooters have been known to discharge their pieces at "half cock." Put one of them in a tent that isn't O. K., in a tent contiguous to a fifteen-inch snorer, and how quick they will "go off" down town in search of lodgings.

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WASHINGTON.

On Tuesday morning the glory of Camp Russell departed, and so did the excursionists. Early in the forenoon the tents began to come down and the party was well on its way to Washington, having left Winchester with the kindest of greetings and partings from a crowd of friends. The manager remained through the day to watch the graceful demolition of the tented town, and look after the property. In Washington, after being parcelled out in the hotel, the party reassembled and proceeded to the White House, where the Association was received by President Cleveland, and a pleasant experience was gained of federal administration, on its hand-shaking side. The one day in the capital city — which was part of two days — was industriously employed, all of the principal points of interest being visited. The New Hampshire boys made a pilgrimage to "Camp Adirondack" in Gale's Woods, and some of them identified the very spots on which their tents had stood twenty-two years before. All of the veterans who ever spent any time in Washington during the war, found out the old resorts and eagerly noted changes and contrasts.

On Wednesday at 11 A. M. the party started for home and a thoroughly tired-out company it was. There appeared to be no elasticity nor enthusiasm left, so completely had all hands — and feet too — entered into the exercises and enjoyments of the tour. The wearied tourists were roused to a few minutes' excitement by the midday episode of lunch grabbing. It was a short stop and the railroad restaurant was jammed full in a minute. The wily keeper attempted to lock the doors and allow no one to pass out without a liberal toll for presumed consumption of "Jarsey" pies. This would have been a profitable trick had it worked, as the Paymaster was also paying so much per capita for the lunch. But the game did n't work, and the head of the restaurant lost his head.

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The Paymaster can *pull* anything "dreffful handy," and the way he pulled the last piece of pie right out from under the nose of a man who supposed he had a sure thing, was an astonishment to him whose open mouth was never filled by that pie. The run to New York was made safely and quickly, and there the Vermont and Connecticut portions of the excursion diverged to their homes, while the others took the Fall River Line for Boston. After a delightful trip over the Sound, Boston was reached early Thursday morning, and the second excursion of Sheridan's Veterans ended.

The Winter Reunion.

On Tuesday evening, March 9th, 1886, the winter reunion of this association was held at the Revere House, Boston, with a good number of the members present. An excellent dinner was served, and the speaking and the music were much enjoyed. The success of the occasion was due to the admirable committee in charge, the principal labor devolving upon Mr. T. C. Bond, chairman. Col. George N. Carpenter had charge of the after-dinner exercises, and among the speakers were Colonel Wellington, Captain Reed, C. C. Coffin, Captain Buffum, Captain Cunningham, Major Ellis, Captain Evarts, Captain Hodgdon, and Captain Howard. The pathetic Patch's tender missive of regrets was applauded heartily. Professor Griffin and Miss Billings entertained the company with charming music.

This association will hold a reunion the coming autumn, some particulars of which may be found on page 133. It is hoped that all who have become identified with this unique organization will give it a cordial and continued support, as it has a work of profit and pleasure to accomplish, which may well enlist something of time and effort.

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EXCURSION ROSTER.

OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

President,	Col. CARROLL D. WRIGHT.
Vice-President,	Gen. ELISHA H. RHODES.
Secretary,	Corp'l GEORGE W. POWERS.
Treasurer,	Hon. C. C. COFFIN.
Chaplain,	Hon. B. F. WHITTEMORE.
Surgeon,	MARSHALL PERKINS.
Assistant Surgeon,	E. A. CHASE.

COMMANDER.

COL. CARROLL D. WRIGHT.

VICE-COMMANDER.

GEN. ELISHA H. RHODES.

STAFF.

CHIEF OF STAFF AND ADJUTANT: Gen. L. A. DICKINSON.
AIDES: Col. GEORGE N. CARPENTER, Maj. E. L. NOYES.

EXCURSION MANAGER.

CAPT. FRANCIS H. BUFFUM.

STAFF.

PAYMASTER,	Capt. C. W. HODGDON.
QUARTERMASTER,	Serg't R. HUNTOON.
COMMISSARY,	Corp'l GEORGE W. POWERS.
QUARTERMASTER SERGEANT,	Serg't U. B. FOSGATE.
TRAIN-MASTER,	CHARLES E. DUDROW.
AIDES,	Capt. E. D. HADLEY. Dr. E. D. STICKNEY.

CHIEF OF RIFLE PRACTICE.

COL. AUSTIN C. WELLINGTON.

AIDES.

Capt. L. O'BRIEN, Col. W. H. GILMORE.

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OFFICERS OF THE DAY.

Wednesday,	Capt. C. C. Howland.
Thursday,	Capt. J. E. Smith.
Friday,	Capt. S. E. Howard.
Saturday,	Capt. W. H. Cunningham.
Sunday,	
Monday,	Capt. J. W. Hervey.
Chief of Camp Police,	Alonzo Bowman.
Excursion Photographer,	J. A. French.
Excursion Stenographer,	Charles W. Gould.

[Note. — The badge color of the Officers of the Association and of the Commander and his Staff, is red; that of the Excursion Manager and his Staff, is white; that of the Executive Committee is blue; and that of the Chief of Rifle Practice and his Staff, is orange.]

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Dr. A. O. Robbins,	First R. I. Cavalry.
Capt. W. H. Cunningham,	Third Mass. Cavalry.
Col. Fred E. Smith,	Eighth Vt. Vols.
Capt. L. O'Brien,	Ninth Conn. Vols.
T. C. Bond,	Tenth Vt. Vols.
Lieut. E. W. Thompson,	Twelfth Me. Vols.
Gen. L. A. Dickinson,	Twelfth Conn. Vols.
Col. T. W. Porter,	Fourteenth Me. Vols.
Capt. F. H. Buffum,	Fourteenth N. H. Vols.
Lieut. G. A. Reed,	Twenty-sixth Mass. Vols.
Hon. B. F. Whittemore,	Thirtieth Mass. Vols.
Col. A. C. Wellington,	Thirty-eighth Mass. Vols.
C. H. Packard,	Representing the Civilian Members.

RIFLE COMPETITIONS.

BLUE AND GRAY MATCH.

THE BLUES.

Capt. F. H. Buffum,	14th N. H. Vols. (*Captain.*)
Lieut. F. C. Forbes,	8th Vt. Vols.
Serg't M. A. Harris,	3d Mass. Cav.
Capt. C. W. Hodgdon,	14th N. H. Vols.
Lieut. G. A. Reed,	26th Mass. Vols.
Lieut. James Welch,	8th Vt. Vols.
Col. A. C. Wellington,	38th Mass. Vols.

THE GRAYS.

Capt. J. A. Nulton,	2d Va. Inf'y, Stonewall Brigade, (*Captain.*)
F. Blankner,	1st Va. Inf'y, Evans Brigade.
William Calvert,	5th Va. Inf'y, Stonewall Brigade.
Hodson,	Virginia Cavalry.
John McCoy,	33d Va. Inf'y, Stonewall Brigade.
Striker,	Virginia Cavalry.
R. E. Trenary,	5th Va. Inf'y, Stonewall Brigade.

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UNION REGIMENTAL MATCH.

Third Massachusetts Team.

Maj. E. L. NOYES, (*Captain*); Capt. W. H. CUNNINGHAM, Company G; Lieut. N. S. DIXEY, Company D; Capt. J. W. HERVEY, Company A; Serg't M. A. HARRIS, Company M.

Eighth Vermont Rifle Team.

Capt. S. E. HOWARD, (*Captain*); Lieut. JAMES WELCH; Capt. MOSES MCFARLAND; Serg't A. H. WARD; F. C. FORBES.

Fourteenth New Hampshire Rifle Team.

Capt. F. H. BUFFUM, Company F, (*Captain*); Serg't U. B. FOSGATE, Company F; Capt. C. W. HODGDON, Company D; WILLIAM H. HODGDON, Company D; Corp'l D. H. THOMPSON, Company F.

Twenty-sixth Massachusetts Rifle Team.

Capt. JAMES BRADY, Jr., (*Captain*); ALONZO BOWMAN; Lieut. G. A. REED; Serg't D. H. HALL; E. D. LOTHROP.

Thirty-eighth Massachusetts Rifle Team.

Col. A. C. WELLINGTON, (*Captain*); Capt. C. C. HOWLAND; C. S. PETERSON; Corp'l G. W. POWERS; Lieut. C. F. SHAW.

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J. A. FRENCH, Excursion Photographer.

SEPTEMBER, 1885.

1. General View of Camp Russell.
2. Main Entrance to Camp Russell.
3. Headquarters 14th N. H. V., with North side of the Camp.
4. Headquarters 26th Mass. Regiment, with Group. (2)
5. Vermont Headquarters with Group.
6. Headquarters of the Nutmeg State, and Group.
7. New Bedford Delegation; tents 32 and 34.
8. Tent 54 and the Capt. Cunningham Party.
9. Fourteenth N. H. Rifle Team.
10. Tent No. 2, and Group.
11. Music Tent, and Union Cornet Band, Winchester.
12. Main Entrance to Camp, and Union Cornet Band.
13. Monumental Cornet Band.
14. Dining Tent, and Attendants.
15. Interior of Dining Tent.
16. General View at Head of Camp —a large Group.
17. West side of Official Line, and Group.
18. East side of Camp
19. Cavalry Detachment—two positions.
20. Delegation from Winchester and Keene, N. H.
21. Rhode Island and Virginia Group.
22. The Inn at Luray.
23. Cave House at Luray.
24. Railroad Bridge and Train at Narrow Passage, over 100 feet above river.
25. Harrisonburg Guards.
26. Decoration of Confederate Monument at Harrisonburg, Va.
27. Confederate Monument, Winchester, Va.
28. General View in Confederate Cemetery, Winchester, Va., showing Ashby Monument.
29. Maryland Monument.
30. Entrance and General View, National Cemetery.
31. General View in North-west section National Cemetery. (Knowns.)
32. General View in South-east section National Cemetery. (Unknowns.)
33. Eighth Vermont Monument, at Hackersfield. (Just dedicated.)
34. The Cannon Monument, National Cemetery.
35. Fourteenth N. H. Monument at National Cemetery.
36. Thirty-eighth Mass. Monument at National Cemetery. (Just dedicated.)
37. Western section of National Cemetery, and partial view of Camp Russell.
38. Virginia 4-horse (?) mule team.
39. Shady Pictures. (a, b and c.)
40. Winchester Light Infantry at County Court House.
41. Banquet Scene at Winchester, Va.
42. Banquet Scene at Harrisonburg County Court Yard.
43. Field Piece Group at the Camp: a fine cloud effect, near sunset.
44. Main Street, Winchester.
45. John Brown's Fort, and Group, at Harper's Ferry.
46. Maryland Heights and Harper's Ferry Bridge.
47. Camp Hill and Harper's Ferry Bridge, junction of Potomac and Shenandoah rivers.
48. Harper's Ferry Bridge, and View down the Potomac.
49. Harper's Ferry Station and Group.
50. Our Special Train at Harper's Ferry; C. E. Dudrow, Trainmaster.
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REUNION OF 1886.

Sheridan's Veterans to make the Trip to Winchester this Fall.

In 1885 the Sheridan's Veteran Association made a trip to Winchester and were banquetted there. In September of this year, the members will make a trip to Winchester and will hold a reunion there. But with this difference: last year it was Winchester, Va.; this year it is Winchester, N. H. In connection with the Veteran celebration of three days to be held there, September 20, 21 and 22, Col. Wright, the president of the Association, has called the annual meeting. It is hoped that as many as possible of those whose names appear on the rosters of the association will be present. Gen. Stephen Thomas of Vermont, Col. T. W. Porter of Maine, Col. A. C. Wellington of Massachusetts, Maj. George N. Bliss of Rhode Island, and Gen. H. W. Birge of Connecticut will attend as special guests of the Fourteenth New Hampshire Veterans.

Here is an opportunity for a delightful excursion, occupying only three days away from Boston and a very small outlay for the privileges enjoyed. Members of the Association can leave the Fitchburg depot, Boston, Monday, September 20, at 10.45 A. M., arriving at their destination, via. Keene, at 3.30 P. M. Those living to the westward of Worcester will go up the Connecticut River R. R. arriving at 6 P. M. The whole expense from Boston and return including fares, carriage from station, Hotel bills, ticket to banquet, and ticket to concert and illustrated war entertainment is only $8.90. To those who do not remain the full three days there will be a reduction made from this price. To those who go by other routes, the cost while in Winchester for all of the above items, save fares, will be $5.50. These prices *are to those only* who order tickets before September 1, the same to be paid for before September 15. The following is an outline of the exercises:

Monday evening—A stereopticon exhibition of best war views in the country with explanatory lectures. In connection with this a vocal and instrumental concert will be given presenting favorite war songs and airs.

Tuesday forenoon — Several rifle matches will come off, the principal one being the second contest for the Wellington trophy, by teams from the different regiments. Capt. C. W. Hodgdon offers a handsome trophy to be shot for by members of his old regiment.

Tuesday afternoon — Business meetings of the Association.

Tuesday evening — Oration by Col. Carroll D. Wright; also a paper, "Providence and the Man," by Col. J. W. Porter; a paper "The New England Cavalryman," by Maj. Geo. N. Bliss; an original poem by Col. Geo. N. Carpenter; "The Changes among the Veterans," by Gen. J. W. Sturtevant; also it is expected that Col A. C. Wellington will present a paper on "The Relation of the Veterans to the Militia of the present day." Vocal and instrumental music will be furnished.

Wednesday forenoon—A novel spectacle will be presented. It is expected that a battalion of the 2d Regiment, New Hampshire militia will give a battalion drill; also that the old militia, with old fashioned martial music and the ancient tactics, will parade.

Wednesday afternoon—The banquet will be given with some excellent after-dinner speaking and music. Governor Currier is expected to be present at the banquet and to review, afterward, the Veterans, the militia and the old militia. The afternoon exercises will close with a dress parade.

Wednesday evening—Will be devoted to a rousing camp-fire, with all the accessories. On both Monday and Wednesday nights there will be fire-work displays from Masten & Wells, of Boston.

Delightful drives and boating can be enjoyed by the excursionists during their stay in Winchester.

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The varied scenery along the lines owned and operated by this Company has been so often described and pictured, and is so widely known and admired, that it would be a work of supererogation to dwell upon it here. Wherever American railroads are known, the rugged attractions of the Allegheny Mountains, the beautiful vistas of the Susquehanna, the Delaware, the Juniata, and the Conemaugh Rivers, and the lovely, fertile valleys of Pennsylvania, are familiar, and have been celebrated by artists and connoisseurs. From New York to Pittsburgh, from Washington City to the great lakes, the splendid panorama is almost unbroken. Every mile of travel between those points shows some new attraction, and the variety is so great that the excursionist who has passed between them can safely claim to have witnessed most of the beauties the great continent has to show. Not merely are changes of landscape observable, but the varying mineral, agricultural, and manufacturing industries of the nation are brought within the range of observation; and, while the taste is gratified, the mind is also enlightened as to the true greatness of the country.

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